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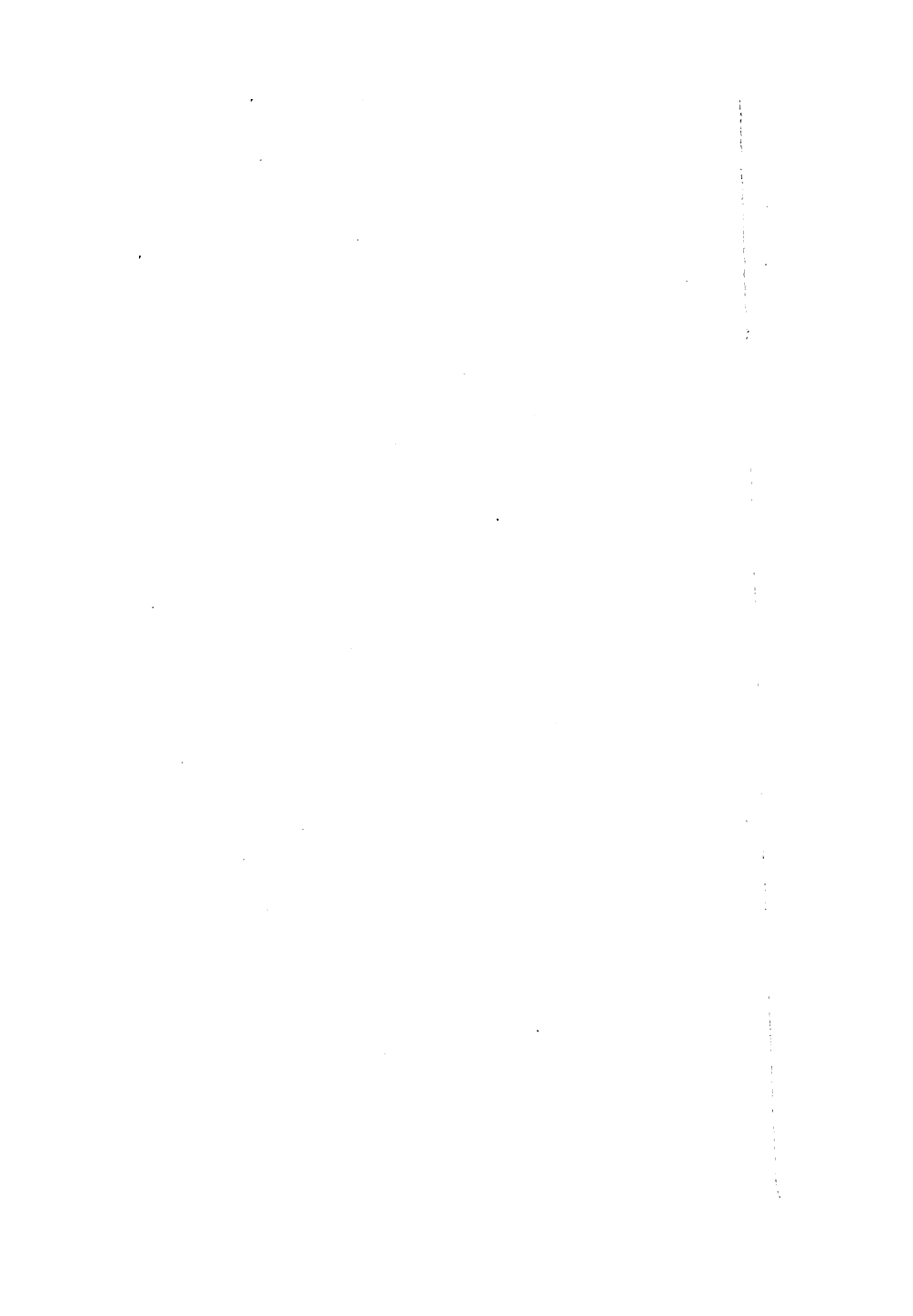
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NCM
Motherwell

MOTHERWELL'S
POEMS.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

WITH
MEMOIR,
BY
JAMES M'CONECHY, Esq.

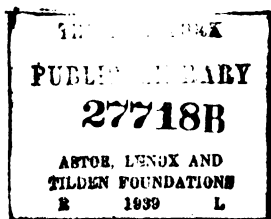
A NEW EDITION, ENLARGED.



BOSTON:
WILLIAM D. TICKNOR & COMPANY.

M DCCC XLVII.

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B O S T O N :
PRINTED BY THURSTON, TORRY AND CO.
31 Devonshire Street.

TO
LADY CAMPBELL,
THIS NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION
OF THE POEMS OF HER KINSMAN,
WILLIAM MOTHERWELL,
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
BY
THE PUBLISHER.

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PREFACE TO THE ENGLISH EDITION.

THE first and only British edition of MOTHERWELL'S POEMS, appeared fourteen years ago, and has been long exhausted. Two editions have appeared in the United States of America, and it may seem remarkable that strangers should have been so much more alive to his merits than his countrymen. The publisher of the first British edition having purchased Mr. MOTHERWELL'S manuscripts, has resolved to issue a new and enlarged edition of the original work, to which is prefixed a Memoir of the Author. The additions consist of twenty pieces, some of which, including the Sonnets, are now printed for the first time. The others appeared in different local publications during the Author's lifetime, though they were not embodied by him in his volume. No alterations upon the original text have been attempted, but a few various readings, derived from the Author's manuscripts, have been placed at the bottom of the page. The Memoir has been compiled from the best sources of information that could be reached, and it is hoped that it will

communicate all the knowledge respecting the Poet's history which the reader will be anxious to obtain.

Mr. MOTHERWELL left behind him many fragmentary pieces of poetry in different stages of advancement, some being more and some less finished ; and should the present enterprise hold out any encouragement for the adoption of such a course, they may be given to the world at some future time.

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MEMOIR
OF
WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

MEMOIR.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL was born at Glasgow, on the thirteenth day of October, 1797.* He was the third son of William Motherwell, a native of Stirlingshire, who settled in that city about the year 1792, where he followed the business of an ironmonger.† His mother's name was Elizabeth Barnet, the daughter of William Barnet, a respectable farmer in the parish of Auchterarder, in Perthshire, who, at her father's death, inherited a little fortune of two thousand pounds. Early in the present century, his father removed with his family to Edinburgh, where his son was placed under the charge of Mr. William Lennie, an eminent teacher of English in that city, and the author of several useful and popular school-books; and it was while attending this school, that the boy met "Jeanie Morrison," a mild and bashful girl, whose name he afterwards immortalized, and of whose gentle nature he retained through life the most pleasing recollections. The first draught of his poem is said to have been made at fourteen years of age, and, as he has himself

* The house in which this event took place was situated at the south corner of College Street, fronting High Street.

† Mr. Motherwell's family consisted of three sons — David, John, and William, and three daughters — Margaret, Amelia, and Elizabeth, of whom his eldest daughter, Margaret, alone survives.

recorded, they never met after leaving school.* As the reader cannot fail to be gratified by an account of the poet's juvenile history, I transcribe the following details, which have been obligingly communicated to the publisher by Mr. Lennie himself:—

“William Motherwell entered my school, then kept at No. 8, Crichton Street, in the neighborhood of George Square, on the 24th of April, 1805, and left it for the High School here on the first day of October, 1808. He was between seven and eight years old when he joined, an open-faced, firm, and cheerful-looking boy. He began at the alphabet, and though he did not at first display any uncommon ability, his mind soon opened up, and as he advanced in his education he speedily manifested a superior capacity, and ultimately became the best scholar in the school; yet he never showed any of that petulant or supercilious bearing which some children discover who see themselves taken notice of for the quickness of their parts; he was, on the contrary, kind and accommodating, always ready to help those who applied to him for assistance, and a first-rate hand at carrying on sport during the hours of recreation. Besides acquiring a fair knowledge of geography, which was taught in the higher classes, and becoming well acquainted with the principles of English grammar, he, during the last twelve or eighteen months of his attendance at my school, devoted two separate hours daily to arithmetic and writing, in the latter of which especially he excelled. In the course of a single year he wrote an excellent small distinct hand; so good, indeed, was it, that few are able to do anything like it even after several years' practice. He also filled up skeleton maps so neatly, that at first sight they might have been mistaken for

* O! dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue.

copper-plate engravings. During the last year he was with me, 'Wilson's Sentimental Scenes' were introduced into the upper classes. The reading of these sketches delighted him exceedingly, and he entered so completely into the spirit of the pieces that he made the characters his own, and appeared to be a Roscius in miniature, a thing I have never found a boy to do but himself.

"Jane (Jeanie) Morrison was the daughter of one of the most respectable brewers and corn-factors then in Alloa. She came to Edinburgh to finish her education, and was in my school with William Motherwell during the last year of his course. She was about the same age with himself, a pretty girl, and of good capacity. Her hair was of a lightish brown, approaching to fair; her eyes were dark, and had a sweet and gentle expression; her temper was mild, and her manners unassuming. Her dress was also neat and tidy. In winter she wore a pale blue pelisse, then the fashionable color, and a light-colored beaver with a feather. She made a great impression on young Motherwell, and that it was permanent his beautiful ballad shows. At the end of the season she returned to her parents at Alloa, with whom she resided till the time of her marriage. She is now a widow with a family of three children, all of whom are grown up, and, I believe, doing well." *

It would appear from this, that Motherwell was entered in the High School of Edinburgh as early as the year 1808; but his

* I had the pleasure of a slight acquaintance with this lady in after life as Mrs. Murdoch. Her husband was a respectable merchant in this city, and died about the year 1828. She was, when I knew her, a very elegant woman in her personal appearance, and seemed to have preserved those gentle and agreeable manners for which she had been distinguished in girlhood; but it is proper to remark, that she was wholly unconscious of the ardent interest which she had excited in the mind of her boyish admirer.

attendance at that excellent institution could not have exceeded a few months, as I find that he was placed early in 1809 at the Grammar School of Paisley, then superintended by the late Mr. John Peddie. His father had not prospered in Edinburgh, and in consequence of the embarrassed state of his affairs, his son William was consigned to the care of his brother, Mr. John Motherwell, a respectable ironfounder in Paisley. The curriculum at the Paisley Grammar School extended over five years, and if William Motherwell completed it, he must have enjoyed the full measure of elementary classical instruction, including in the fifth year the rudiments of Greek, which it was then customary to give to boys in Scotland. One of his surviving school companions * informs me that, in conjunction with the late Mr. William Bain, advocate, and a Mr. Lymburn, also deceased, he was a *dux* boy, and there seems to be no reason to doubt, that he exhibited the same quickness of apprehension and readiness of parts in the Paisley Academy, which he had displayed in other schools; but as his tastes were never scholastic, and as his knowledge of the dead tongues was always limited, the presumption is that he followed the prominent bias of his mind, and devoted to works of imagination the hours that should have been given to school exercises. I am fortified in this belief by the recollections of Mr. Crawford, who says, "What Motherwell was most remarkable for, was, his gift of spinning long yarns about castles, and robbers, and strange out-of-the-way adventures, with which, while Mr. Peddie imagined he was assisting his class-fellows with their lessons, he would entertain them for hours, day after day, like some of the famous story-tellers in the Arabian Nights; and these stories were retailed at second-hand, by his class-

* Mr. John Crawford, writer in Paisley.

fellows, to those who had not the privilege of hearing them from the author himself."

In the year 1811, his mother died at Edinburgh, and after that melancholy event, his father, accompanied by his daughter Amelia, retired to the village of Kilsyth, in Stirlingshire, where he dwelt till his death, which occurred in February, 1827.

The history of his ancestors possesses considerable interest. In a letter with which I have been favored by my venerable and accomplished friend, Mr. Sheriff Campbell of Paisley, they are thus spoken of:—

"Of his family I had occasion to learn something, in the course of a judicial inquiry concerning the succession of David Motherwell, his uncle, upwards of thirty years ago. That David Motherwell died possessed of a small estate on the banks of the Carron, in the Barony of Dundaff, in Stirlingshire, which, according to what I found to be the tradition of the neighborhood, supported, to a certain extent, by the title deeds of the property, which I saw, had been in the possession of thirteen generations of the same family, all bearing the same name of David, with the surname variously spelled, being at one time Moderville, at another Moderell, and latterly Motherwell. His uncle, Alexander, set aside David's deed of settlement, and sold the property to his younger brother John, an extensive ironmonger in Paisley, who left it to trustees for behoof of his daughter."

The estate here spoken of was called Muirmill, and the name at once indicates the calling of the proprietors. They were the hereditary millers of Dundaff, and are so designated in a confirmatory charter granted in favor of the then possessor by James Graham, the celebrated Marquis of Montrose, in 1642, as will be seen by the following short extract from that document. It is to be observed, that this extract has reference to "an instrument of seizin," dated

29th June, 1629, in favor of "David Moderell, in Spittal,* and Isabella Small, his wife, proceeding on a charter granted by James, Earl of Montrose, Lord Graham and Mugdock, of the lands of all and whole, that pendicle of land called Spittal," &c. The deed of 1642, then, confirms the previous grant of 1629, to

"William Modrell, miller, at Dundaff, callit the Muir Mill,

, † his spouse, and David Modrell, their son, on the other part (of date at Drum-phad, 29th April, 1629 years), whereby, with consent aforesaid, set in feu farm to the said William Modrell, and his spouse above named, and the langest liver of them twa, in life-rent; and to David Modrell, their son, all and hail, the said mill, mill lands, and multures, &c., and pasturage for eight ky, all lying within the barony of Dundaff, and shire of Stirling." ‡

Upon what conditions the lands in question were held before the year 1629, my ignorance of feudal law disables me from saying; but it is plain, both from the tradition mentioned by Mr. Campbell, and the charters at present in my possession, that this family of Motherwells had been settled in that locality, and probably, on this very spot, for at least four hundred years — the land and the occupation descending in regular succession from father to son. The name itself is obviously a local surname, but it belongs to the county of Lanark, in the middle ward of which, and in the parish of Dalziel, there is a considerable village called Motherwell. The statistical accounts speak of a well or spring as still existing there, from which

* An abbreviation of Hospital, and a common designation of small farms in certain parts of Scotland. Lands so called had formed portions of the extensive possessions of the military order of KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS.

† Blank in the original.

‡ I am indebted for the transcription of this passage to my friend Dr. John Smith, the well-known Secretary to the Maitland Club.

the inhabitants are supplied with water, and which, in the olden time, was called the "Well of our Ladye." It was probably believed to possess medicinal virtues, and was, therefore, placed under the immediate protection of the "Virgin Mother"—whence the name, Motherwell.* Its antiquity as a surname must be considerable, since it appears in the Ragman Rolls † for 1296, and also in the index to a chartulary of the Monastery of Paisley in 1490; and from what has been already stated, it will be seen, that that branch of the race from which the poet sprang, had been planted in Stirlingshire, as far back as the beginning of the fifteenth century. The name, however, is an uncommon one.‡

* Few towns, where there has been an ecclesiastical establishment, such as Glasgow, for instance, want a LADY WELL.

† The title given to the list of the names of those who swore fealty to Edward I., which has now something of the character and interest of a "Domesday Book."

‡ In illustration of the history of the poet's family it may be mentioned, that there is extant a deed of "assignation and disposition," by his grandfather, David Motherwell, wherein he bequeaths to each of his "younger sons" (the number is not mentioned) £100 sterling; and to each of his daughters, Elizabeth, Janet, and Amelia, 1000 merks Scots, or about £55 sterling.

Janet married	.	.	Henry Bannerman.
Elizabeth "	.	.	David Whyte.
Amelia "	.	.	John Barnet.

The latter was probably the poet's uncle. The descendants of Janet are now eminent merchants in Manchester, and the line of Motherwell is represented by the poet's nephew, the son of his elder brother David, Mr. Charles M'Arthur Motherwell, who is a purser's clerk in the navy. The name of William Motherwell's grandmother was Amelia Monteath, the daughter of an old and respectable family settled at Dunblane, in Stirlingshire. A sister of his mother's married a Mr. Ogilvie, who left a son, Major Ogilvie, now resident in Edinburgh.

It having been resolved, I know not why, to devote this wayward and dreamy boy to the legal profession, he was placed, at the age of fifteen, in the office of the Sheriff-Clerk of Paisley, where he remained for many years ; but, as may be readily conceived, the duties of such a situation were little congenial to his tastes. Notwithstanding his dislike to the duties of a writer's clerk, he contrived to turn his new position so far to account by bestowing great pains on the deciphering of ancient legal documents ; an art in which he latterly excelled. I am indebted to Mr. Sheriff Campbell for the following interesting particulars concerning Motherwell at this time : —

“ When I first knew William Motherwell he was a very little boy in the Sheriff-Clerk's office here. I had observed his talent for sketching figures of men, in armor and otherwise, and amongst the rest one of myself upon a blotter, which I had occasion to use when sitting in the Sheriff-Court. I gave him a few ancient documents to

John de Moderwell, chaplain, appears in a deed of 1460, as one of the Procurators of Henry of Livingston, Knight, Commander of the Temple of St. John ; which Sir Henry was son of William, Lord of Kilsyth, and preceptor of Torphichen. He died in 1463. Edward, his elder brother, was the direct ancestor of the Viscount Kilsyth, who was attainted in 1715. There is no evidence of any relationship between this ancient priest and the poet's family ; but his connection with Kilsyth, where a branch of the Motherwells has been planted for many centuries, might justify the suspicion that he was of the same lineage. This mention of him in so old a document, is satisfactory evidence of the antiquity of the surname, whatever opinion we may form as to his probable affinity to the ancestors of the subject of this memoir.

For these details I am indebted chiefly to the diligence and antiquarian skill of my late amiable and lamented friend, Mr. Philip Ramsay, of Edinburgh, S. S. C., who had collected some materials for a life of William Motherwell.

copy for me, and, in place of an ordinary transcript, I received from him, with surprise and satisfaction, a *fac simile* so perfect, that, except for the color and texture of the paper, it would have been difficult to distinguish it from the original manuscript. Finding him a smart and intelligent boy, I asked him to give me a statement, in writing, of certain occurrences to which he had been a witness at a period when the peace of the district was threatened. This account was not confined to facts, but was interspersed with observations and reflections of his own, of a nature so unexpected and so curious, that I wished to preserve it; but I am sorry that, in a search made for it some years ago, I was unable to find it. The notions of the boy were then what would now be called *extremely* liberal. In process of time, however, his views changed, and I used to joke him upon the ground, that his conversion had been beaten into him by a party of lads (radicals), with whom he happened to get into conflict. On that occasion he was thrown down and trampled upon in the street, and received injuries so severe, that his life was thought in imminent danger. This, I believe, was in 1818 or 1819, during a time of political excitement. He was appointed to the office of Sheriff-Clerk Depute, of the county of Renfrew, under the late Robert Walkinshaw, of Parkhouse, the principal clerk, in May, 1819, and held that situation with credit till Nov. 1829.

"His talent for poetry was accompanied by a strong taste for the *antique*, and I cannot help thinking that the last may have had its origin in the copying of the ancient manuscript for me. While in office here he contributed articles to the Paisley Advertiser, and ultimately became its editor. He had also a chief hand in commencing and conducting a Paisley Monthly Magazine, which lived to attain to the size of a goodly volume. It contained many contributions from his pen, besides a number of curious extracts from

documents, which his researches among the records of the Sheriff-Clerk's office brought to light. At a recent sale of the library of a deceased Paisley gentleman, this Magazine, though poorly bound, brought the respectable price of 22s. 6d. His temperament was enthusiastic, kind, and convivial. * * I had a great regard for him."

Upon this outline of Motherwell's history, from the age of fifteen to thirty-two, I would remark, in the first place, that we learn from it, that eighteen of the most valuable years of his life were passed in an occupation, which presented the fewest possible attractions for a man of his habits and pursuits; and, in the second place, that if he attained to a certain measure of excellency in poetical composition, in circumstances so unfavorable to the growth of a poetical temper, his merit was all the higher on that account. The incident to which Mr. Campbell refers, and which he supposes determined his future political creed, Motherwell always spoke of with the strongest indignation. It occurred during the time of what was called the Radical War in the west country (1818), and when, as Sheriff-Clerk Depute, he was obliged, in obedience to the orders of his superiors, to perform many duties which rendered him unpopular. A deliberate attempt was made to murder him by throwing him over the bridge into the Cart, and he has often assured me, that he was actually raised to the top of the parapet wall by the infuriated mob before he was rescued. That he should have abandoned liberalism after such treatment would not be surprising, but the truth is, his political belief was a part of his nature, and was very slightly modified by external considerations. His ideas of the constitution of civil society were chivalric, not philosophical; and if others undervalued the virtues of the middle ages, he certainly over-rated them. It was not his custom to analyze his emotions too nicely at any period of his life; and I can perfectly understand how he may

have been captivated as a boy with those showy notions, which are more or less prevalent in all imperfectly-instructed societies, and which have so many charms for youthful imaginations. But Motherwell was instinctively a Tory—all the tendencies of his mind gravitated towards the creed of that old and respectable party—and I am satisfied, that his monarchical principles would have been just as high after he escaped from mere nonage, had he never handled a truncheon in defence of the public peace on the streets of Paisley. His political convictions might be extreme, but they were honest. He firmly believed that his opinions were founded in truth, and that their vindication was essential to the well-being of his country; nor have I ever known a man who had more thoroughly identified himself with the doctrines which he maintained and promulgated.

There is another point noticed by Mr. Campbell, viz., his power of sketching. This was a faculty which he possessed in the highest perfection, so much so, that had he not been a poet, he might have been an artist. Many of his manuscripts are illustrated at the beginning, after the manner of old black letter volumes and illuminated missals, and numerous scraps of paper attest his accurate perception of the ludicrous and the horrible, by all sorts of queer and grotesque delineations. A few strokes of his pen were sufficient for this, and it is impossible not to admire the ease which attaches to these figures. His handwriting likewise partook of this peculiarity. It was formal and square, and, particularly in the capital letters, resembled the Chaldee character, constituting, in fact, a variety of painting.*

* This seems to have been a very early habit. Mr. Crawford speaks of it in these terms:—"He was also remarkable for his talent for sketching figures of mailed knights, on foot and mounted, and all manner of caricatures, which were sketched with great life and spirit. The boards of his class-fellows' school-books were

The winter session of 1818-19 he spent at Glasgow College, where he attended the Latin class, under the late Mr. Walker, and the Greek class under the late Mr. Young; but, as I have already stated, he never attained to ordinary proficiency in either language, and with the modern tongues he was wholly unacquainted. He manifested at this time a strong desire to repair the defects of his early education, and in a letter to his friend, the late Mr. Robert Walkinshaw, in March, 1818, he expresses a hope that, should he succeed to the office of Sheriff-Clerk Depute, then held by Mr. Walkinshaw, he might be able "to save some little money sufficient to re-launch his frail skiff once more on the *dead* sea of the languages."

As the office of Sheriff-Clerk Depute brought him a considerable income, he spent the greater part of it in the purchase of books, and long before his removal to Glasgow he had collected a large and miscellaneous library. Like most book-fanciers he sometimes sacrificed usefulness to the indulgence of a spirit of curiosity, but in that province of literature to which he was chiefly devoted — poetry and the historical romance — his library was rich. Its chief wants were in the department of modern history, and moral and philosophical science, in none of which subjects can it be said that he took much pleasure. His knowledge of them was, consequently, defective, and this was both felt and seen when politics became his profession. .

It may be naturally supposed of the man who at fourteen sketched the outline of Jeanie Morrison, that if he did not actually lisp in numbers, the art of versification must have been at least an irresistible habit, and that *spon te sua carmen numeros veniebat ad*

covered with Motherwell's sketches, and it was considered a great favor when he gave them one."

aptos; but when he first committed himself publicly to the dangers and allurements of rhyme, or where, I have been unable satisfactorily to ascertain. In 1818 he contributed some little things to a small work published at Greenock, called the "Visitor," and for several years afterwards he continued to furnish with pieces of original poetry such of his literary friends in Paisley and Glasgow as applied to him for assistance. In this respect his liberality was exemplary, if not prodigal, but he afterwards collected the best of these fugitive productions, and embodied them in that volume upon which his reputation as a poet must ultimately rest. In 1819, the *HARP OF RENFREWSHIRE*,* of which he was the editor, appeared at Paisley. This work is anonymous; but it is well known to have been brought out under Motherwell's care, who supplied the introductory essay, which was his first attempt at serious criticism. In it he gives a rapid sketch of the poets of Renfrewshire, beginning with Sir Hugh Montgomerie, who died at a very advanced age in 1545, and ending with Robert Tannahill, whom he could not have known personally, but with whose melancholy history he had ample means of becoming acquainted. The notes are likewise by him, and are both numerous and valuable; and this little volume, which is now scarce, may be regarded as a favorable specimen of his zeal and diligence. Its chief merit, however, is, that it was the herald to a work of much larger pretensions, and with which his fame is now closely identified — *MINSTRELSY, ANCIENT AND MODERN*,† which was published at Glasgow in 1827,

* *THE HARP OF RENFREWSHIRE*; a collection of songs and other poetical pieces, many of which are original; accompanied with notes, explanatory, critical, and biographical: and a short essay on the Poets of Renfrewshire. 1 vol. Paisley, 1819.

† *Minstrelsy; Ancient and Modern*: with an historical introduction, and notes. By William Motherwell. John Wylie. Glasgow, 1827.

and which instantly secured for its author an honorable place among the commentators on our national poetry. The "Historical Introduction" is elaborate and full, but I must leave it to those who have made such subjects as it discusses a study to decide upon its merits; it is enough to state here, that this work brought him into direct communication with some men of high distinction in the world of letters, and, amongst others, with Sir Walter Scott. The ancient ballad of GIL MORRICE seems to have attracted much of Motherwell's attention. It was the foundation of Home's celebrated tragedy of "Douglas," and the scene of the melancholy adventure which it relates was "Carronside," the home of his ancestors. He tells us, moreover, that "the green wood" of the ballad was the ancient forest of Dundaff, in Stirlingshire, and that "Lord Barnard's castle is said to have occupied a precipitous cliff overhanging the water of Carron, on the lands of Halbertshire." * Earlsburn, a favorite name with him, is also a small stream in that locality which falls into the Carron, and derives its appellation, according to him, from the Earl's son, who is the hero of this legendary poem. There is internal evidence in his writings to show, that he had carefully inquired into this matter while residing with his uncle at Muirmill; but it was from an old woman at Paisley, who sang the verses to him, that he obtained that copy of the ballad which he considered the true one, and which led to his correspondence with Sir Walter. His idea was, that GIL should have been written CHILD, and that MORRICE was an obvious corruption of NORVCE, the old English word for foster-child. Willie, the page, is called, in one of the versions (Mr. Jamieson's), his "foster-brither;" and Motherwell's object would appear to have been to show, that between the "child's" messenger and himself

* Minstrelsy, p. 258.

there existed a stronger bond of union than mere feudalism could create. In this way, it is to be presumed, he proposed to account for "Willie's" undertaking, though reluctantly, to deliver the message to Lady Barnard from her son, the ill-fated Gil, of whose relationship to that noble person the lad was ignorant. He accordingly wrote to Sir Walter Scott on the subject as early as April, 1825, two years before the Minstrelsy appeared, and received from that eminent man the following reply:—

"Abbotsford, 3d May, 1825.

"SIR,

"I am honored with your letter covering the curious old version of the ballad of Gil Morrice, which seems, according to your copy, to be a corruption of Child Norrice, or Child Nursling, as we would say. As I presume the ballad to be genuine, and, indeed, see no reason to suspect the contrary, the style being simple and ancient, I think you should print it exactly as you have taken it down, and with a reference to the person by whom it is preserved so special as to enable any one to ascertain its authenticity who may think it worth while. I have asked, at different times, the late Mr. John Home, concerning the ballad on which he was supposed to have founded 'Douglas,' but his memory was too imperfect, when I knew him, to admit of his giving me any information. I have heard my mother, who was fond of the ballad, say, that when Douglas was in its height of popularity, GIL MORRICE was, to a certain extent, re-written, which renovated copy, of course, includes all the new stanzas about 'Minerva's loom,' and so forth. Yet there are so many fine old verses in the common set, that I cannot agree to have them mixed up even with your set, though more ancient, but would like to see them kept quite separate, like different sets of the same melody. In fact, I think I did wrong myself in endeavoring to make the best possible set of an ancient

ballad out of several copies obtained from different quarters, and that, in many respects, if I improved the poetry, I spoiled the simplicity of the old song. There is no wonder this should be the case, when one considers that the singers or reciters by whom these ballads were preserved and handed down, must, in general, have had a facility, from memory at least, if not from genius (which they might often possess), of filling up verses which they had forgotten, or altering such as they might think they could improve. Passing through this process in different parts of the country, the ballads, admitting that they had one common poetical original, (which is not to be inferred merely from the similitude of the story), became, in progress of time, totally different productions, so far as the tone and spirit of each is concerned. In such cases, perhaps, it is as well to keep them separate, as giving in their original state a more accurate idea of our ancient poetry, which is the point most important in such collections. There is room for a very curious essay on the relation which the popular poetry of the north of Europe bears to that of the south, and even to that of Asia; and the varieties of some of our ballads might be accounted for by showing that one edition had been derived from the French or Norman, another from the Danish, and so on, so that, though the substance of the dish be the same, the cookery is that of foreign and distant *cuisiniers*. This reasoning certainly does not apply to mere brief alterations and corruptions, which do not, as it were, change the tone and form of the original.

"You will observe that I have no information to give respecting GIL MORRICE, so I might as well, perhaps, have saved you the trouble of this long letter.

"I am, SIR,

"Your obliged humble servt.,

"WALTER SCOTT."

Sir Walter and Motherwell never met, but after the death of that great man he performed a pilgrimage to Abbotsford, and, as I am informed, was wont to say, that "nothing in that splendid mansion had affected him so much as Sir Walter's staff, with the bit dibble at the end of it."* Of course, in the forthcoming edition of the *Minstrelsy*, he followed the advice of the illustrious critic, and kept his own copy of the ballad distinct from the others, and so it stands in the volume.

In 1828 the *Paisley Magazine* was begun by Motherwell, and carried on by him, with the assistance of his friends, for a year. It is, undoubtedly, what Mr. Campbell represents it—a respectable provincial work; and in it, for the first time, appeared some of the poet's best pieces, such as *The Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi*—*Midnight and Moonshine*—*The Water! The Water!*—*The Wooing Song of Jarl Egill Skallagrim*—and *Wearie's Well*. His position, however, had now changed, and it will be necessary to explain how this was brought about.

In the year 1826 a newspaper was begun in Paisley, called the *Paisley Advertiser*. Its politics were Conservative and Ministerial, and its first editor was a Mr. John Goldie, who had been formerly connected with an Ayr journal. He died suddenly within a year, and was succeeded in his office by Mr. William Kennedy, an Irish gentleman of distinguished poetical abilities, and the author of the pretty poem called "*THE ARROW AND THE ROSE*;" and also of a little volume of poems entitled "*FITFUL FANCIES*."

Between Mr. Kennedy and Motherwell there sprang up a strong friendship. They were both addicted to literature and poetry, they thought alike on matters political, and were nearly of an age. It is not surprising, therefore, that Motherwell should have become a

* Notes by Mr. Charles Hutchison.

contributor and a proprietor, and still less so that, on the retirement of Mr. Kennedy, in 1828, he should have succeeded him as editor of that paper. What success he may have had in his new capacity I know not, but, on the retirement of Mr. James M^cQueen from the management of the Glasgow Courier, in 1830, Mr. Motherwell was invited by the proprietors of that journal to take his place; and all things being satisfactorily arranged, he left Paisley and took up his abode in Glasgow in the beginning of that year. The first number of the Courier which appeared after his accession to the office of editor has the date of 2d Feb., 1830; and he continued in connection with that paper till his death in November, 1835.

Whether journalism was exactly the vocation that was best suited to a man of his tastes and peculiar acquirements I shall not take upon me to determine, but there can be no doubt that he entered upon his new duties at Glasgow at a time of great difficulty and considerable public danger. The political world was at that moment upheaved from its foundations, and the revolution in France, consequent upon the three glorious days of July, followed as that event was by the accession of Lord Grey's Administration, and the Reform Bill excitement, presented to a lover of the olden ways a mass of embarrassment, which we may admit to have been unsurmountable. Whatever Motherwell's views may have been in boyhood, they were now fixed. He saw one after another of his most cherished prejudices first derided and then destroyed. Change followed change with the rapidity of lightning, and in the midst of this universal whirlwind, the only man in this immense community who was expected to keep himself free from the common contagion, and to observe the most philosophical abstinence in the discussion of passing events, was the Tory editor of *the* Tory newspaper! Mere humanity is not equal to so great a trial as this, and Motherwell was not the man to affect to undergo it. He entered into the

strife with all his soul, and whatever difference of opinion may have formerly prevailed as to his style of defence, it will not be denied by his bitterest political enemies (for I would persuade myself that, personally, he had and could have none), that he conducted his case for many years against frightful odds, with exemplary zeal, courage, and fidelity. It would be easy, no doubt, to select from his writings at that time passages which might appear to be objectionable, but the same remark would apply equally to his opponents; and those only who have had some experience of a controversial life, and of the perplexities which beset a writer for the public press in a provincial town, can form an adequate conception of the difficulties with which Motherwell was at that juncture surrounded. The public mind is now comparatively cool; it was then at a boiling heat, and in the fierce contest of parties, passions were evoked which overmastered reason, and laid judgment prostrate in the dust. That in such a tumult he, a man of warm and impetuous temperament, should have stood erect and looked down with complacent indifference on the scene below was impossible; nor did he make the attempt. He defended his principles from the assaults daily and hourly made upon them, and it was his duty to do so; but if in the execution of that duty he transgressed the established laws of political warfare, or outraged any of the conventional courtesies of life, then he was blameable. I do not say that this was the case, because I do not think so; not that I would be understood as approving of all that he wrote in these times, but that, considering the circumstances in which he was placed, his abstinence from a certain measure of vehemence would have argued a neutrality of feeling on the great questions of the day, which would have literally disqualified him for the office that he held. Let us be just to the dead, then, and grant that what was well was due to the man, and that what was amiss was chargeable upon the infirmity of our common nature.

In his editorial capacity Motherwell occasionally drew upon his poetical faculty, and in general successfully, as the following *jeu d'esprit* will show. It appeared early in 1833, when the Reform Bill was supposed to be in danger, and when its friends in Glasgow exhibited an unusual degree of anxiety respecting it. T—m A—k—n is the late Mr. Thomas Aitkinson, bookseller, who was a very keen liberal politician. M'P—n was his neighbor Mr. M'Phun, likewise a bookseller and agent for the *SUN* newspaper. Sir D. K. S—f—d is the late Sir D. K. Sandford, the accomplished Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, who was at that time an ardent reformer, and whose premature and much-lamented death was probably accelerated by the excitement of that miserable period. With these explanations this clever trifle will be intelligible:—

THE REFORMER'S GARLAND.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

Tune — 'Young Lochinvar.'

T—m A—k—n mounted his berry brown steed,
Thro' all the West Country unequalled for speed;
And, save an odd threepence to pay for the toll,
He carried no weight but a placard in scroll.
So lightly and jaunty he eastward did hie,
With the Bill in his heart and the Mail in his eye —
He swore that, for once, he would e-clipse the *SUN*,*
And darken the shine of his neighbour, M'P—n.

Camlachie folk stared, and Tollcross stood abeigh,
So rapid he rode, and the steed was so skeigh;

* This is an allusion to the *Sun*, London newspaper, at that time forwarded by special express to Glasgow.

But Tom did not value his horsemanlike skill,
 His thoughts were "Reform," and "nought but the Bill."
 Yea, even in passing the scene at Carmyle,*
 The Whig field of honor seemed worthless the while —
 For still he expected to e-clipse the SUN,
 And darken the shine of his neighbour, M'P—n.

Then onward he sped, till he came to a turn
 Of the road, when the Guard of the Mail cried — "Adjourn!"
 And about ship went Tom, and the spur did apply,
 And the *Stationer*, truly, for once seemed to *fly*.
 His Tontine constituents soon did he hail,
 For near eighteen minutes he distanc'd the Mail;
 The "Adjourn" was repeated, e-clipsed was the SUN,
 The shine was o'erclouded of neighbour, M'P—n.

Sir D. K. S—f—d next mounted his beast,
 With its tail to the West and its head to the East,
 And on like a War Knight the brute he did urge,
 To nose the effect of the fam'd "Russell Purge;"
 But at Bothwell the Mail Guard roar'd out—"Lost by Eight!"
 When about went the prad, as it had taken fright;
 Sir Dan he stuck on, and again 'clipsed the SUN,
 To the utter confounding of neighbour, M'P—n.

That Motherwell's prospects were improved by a removal to Glasgow, may be admitted, since that city, from its greater size, would necessarily afford a wider field for the display of his abilities; but I have many doubts whether the change was friendly to the development and cultivation of his poetical faculty. The charge of a three-times-a-week paper leaves little leisure for the prosecution of a formal course of study, while the distracting anxieties which are inseparable from political warfare, are altogether incompatible with that repose of mind which is essential to the achieve-

* The scene of a recent duel, with the distance marked out by two bricks.

ment of distinction in any walk of literature. It is my impression, therefore, that his muse was comparatively idle in Glasgow, and that his attention was directed to the improvement of old rather than to the composition of new poems. This idea is partially confirmed by an inspection of two quarto volumes of manuscript pieces which he left behind him, the one of which is nearly a transcript of the other, and was obviously executed at Glasgow; and it is farther strengthened by the fact, that he published little, after he came to this city, which had not been written long before. It would be idle to talk of the *genius loci* in such circumstances, for the character of that mysterious lady must be much the same in both places, and is not particularly spiritual in either; but there may be something in the disruption of old and established ties — something in the absence of familiar faces and well-known voices, and something in the destruction of those secret and inexplicable material sympathies, which make one spot of earth more than another the home of a man's soul. Whether any or all of these influences may have affected him, I shall not take upon me positively to affirm; but I think myself so far justified in the conclusion at which I have arrived by the subsequent steps of his history, which indicate a sluggish action, if not an absolute torpor of his creative energies.

In 1832 a publication was started in Glasgow, under the direction of Mr. John Strang, the author of two interesting volumes of Travels in Germany, called *THE DAY*, to which Motherwell contributed largely. In that periodical there appeared for the first time the following poetical pieces from his pen: — The Serenade — The Solemn Song of a Righteous Heart — Elfinland Wud — The Covenanters' Battle Chant — Caveat to the Wind — What is Glory? What is Fame? — A Solemn Conceit — The Parting — The Ettin Lang o' Sillerwood — and, Spirits of Light! Spirits of Shade! — all of which, with the exception of the two last, he afterwards em-

bodied in his volume.* He also communicated to that work a series of humorous papers in prose, entitled "Memoirs of a Paisley Bailie," which afforded considerable amusement at the time; and towards the end of this year he collected his scattered poetical fragments, and formed them into a small volume, with the title of "POEMS, NARRATIVE AND LYRICAL," which he dedicated to his friend Kennedy. Most of these pieces, if not the whole of them, were reprints. I am not quite sure about the Battle Flag of Sigurd, but I rather think it appeared originally in the pages of the Paisley Advertiser.

This volume was, upon the whole, well received. There could be no doubt about the high quality of the poetry which an unknown author had ventured thus to submit to the world, but its character was peculiar, and for the most part not fitted for extensive popularity; and the season which was chosen for its introduction was eminently unfavorable to its chances of immediate success. No adventitious murmurs of applause had announced its approach, and at a time when little was heard but the noise of political contention, it was perhaps too much to expect that a comparatively obscure bard should draw towards himself a large share of the public notice, let his abilities be what they might. This work, however, gave Motherwell, what it had been the object of his life to attain, a place among the poets of Britain; and it carried his name into quarters which it never would have otherwise reached. A commendatory

* It is needless to add, that these were gratuitous contributions, and that their author neither expected nor received anything for them. It was in this year that Jeanie Morrison appeared in an Edinburgh magazine, and for that exquisite lyrical composition he was paid—thirty shillings! George Buchanan was not far wrong when he exclaimed, three hundred years ago,

Denique quicquid agis, comes assidet improba egestas
Sive poema canis, sive poema doces.

criticism in *Blackwood's Magazine* for April, 1833, proclaimed his pretensions wherever the English language is read ; and though his nature was too modest and too manly for the display of any open exultation at the triumph which he had so honorably won, he never ceased to feel the deepest gratitude to the distinguished reviewer, whom he knew to be a consummate judge of poetical merit, and for whose genius and character he always felt and expressed the warmest admiration.

The last work in which Motherwell engaged, and which he did not live to complete, was a joint edition of Burns's works by him and James Hogg, the *Ettrick Shepherd*.^{*} His share in this production consisted merely of occasional notes, critical and explanatory, which are marked with the letter M., and in which he exhibits much knowledge of the contemporary history of Burns's period, and his usual discrimination as a commentator. The fifth and last volume contains the *Life of the Ayrshire Poet*, by Hogg ; but before it appeared, his comparatively youthful coadjutor was no more.[†]

In August, 1835, Motherwell was summoned to London, to appear before a committee of the House of Commons, which had been appointed to take evidence as to the constitution and practices of the Orange Society, with a view to its suppression. He had unluckily allowed himself to be enrolled as a member of that association, and

^{*} *The Works of Robert Burns*, edited by the *Ettrick Shepherd* and William Motherwell, Esq. 5 vols. Glasgow : Archd. Fullarton & Co. 1836.

[†] It should have been mentioned in its proper place, that in the year 1832 Motherwell supplied a preface of some length to Henderson's volume of *Scottish Proverbs*. Andrew Henderson was a portrait painter of considerable celebrity in Glasgow, and an intimate friend of the Poet. He was a man of abrupt manners, but of great honesty of nature, and capable of both steadfast and warm attachments. He pre-deceased Motherwell by about six months.

was one of the district secretaries for the West of Scotland. There is no incident in his history which it more perplexes me to account for than this. He had no connexion with Ireland, direct or indirect, nor had he ever been in that island in his life, and few men, in my opinion, were less qualified by previous habits of study to appreciate the value of the mixed questions of civil and ecclesiastical polity which that body professed to discuss; yet he entered with characteristic warmth into its schemes, and became one of the agents employed in the extension of its principles. To his mind, Orangeism would seem to have presented itself under the guise of a wholesome influence of general applicability, which it was desirable to perpetuate, instead of being, what it really was, a particular form of one of those numerous factions into which Irish society is divided. It would not appear to have occurred to him, that whatever the merits, real or imaginary, of the Orange confederacy might be, its introduction into Scotland could be attended with no benefits whatever; and that if it was destined ever to achieve advantages of a permanent kind, it was only on the soil which had generated and nourished it that this could happen. As an antagonist to Popery and Jacobitism, it was certainly not wanted in Presbyterian Scotland; and a little reflection might have satisfied him, that the civil and religious rights of the people of this country were not to be upheld through the instrumentality of an Hibernian political fraternity, which had outlived the necessity that gave it birth, and which was now respectable only from the historical associations connected with its origin, and the recollection of the services which it had formerly rendered to the cause of constitutional government in Ireland. His adhesion to this body was, therefore, a decided error in judgment, while it was attended with this additional inconvenience, that it gave rise to the suspicion that the party, whose public representative he was, had become favorable to a system of

political propagandism, and was not unwilling to patronise, in an underhand way, that which its general creed repudiated. Legitimate and open combination, it did not, because it could not, reject; but it professed to hold secret societies in abhorrence; and though the Orange body might not in strictness of speech deserve to be so called, it had too many of the characteristics of a sectarian club to be agreeable to sober-minded Scotchmen. This act, however, was purely personal, and was confined to Motherwell and one or two of his more intimate friends; and I distinctly remember, that there was no subject upon which he was more reserved, and none upon which he bore a little raillery with less equanimity, than upon his alliance with Irish Orangeism. By this time, however, the evil spirit of political acerbity had displaced the gentler impulses of his nature, and William Motherwell had exchanged the catholicity of poetry for the fanaticism of social exclusiveness!*

Motherwell remained in London for about a week, and there can be no doubt that he exhibited great mental infirmity before the committee—in common speech, he “broke down.” That this did not result from any want of courage on his part, will be at once admitted by those who knew the man; but it is proper to observe that in such circumstances he was constitutionally “unready” and slow of utterance. He not only required time to arrange his ideas and to consolidate his thoughts, on the most ordinary occasions, but he was habitually slow, and even confused, in the expression of them. No ordeal could, therefore, be more embarrassing to him than a formal examination before a body of sharp-witted men, whose pleasure it not infrequently is to lay snares for an inexperienced witness: but besides this, I am convinced that on this

* That this incident was hurtful to his health was the general impression of his friends. Mr. Hutchison, who saw him frequently before he set out for London, says “that he was greatly depressed.”

particular point Motherwell was at fault as to knowledge — that he had never seriously inquired of himself what Orangeism was, or what object was to be gained by its propagation — and that, consequently, he must have failed when rigorously interrogated by an intelligent and authoritative tribunal about these matters. Let me farther add, in explanation of this melancholy occurrence, that it has been long my fixed impression that he was laboring under the effects of the approaches of that insidious disease (softening of the brain), which destroyed him a few months afterwards; and those who remember the circumstances attendant upon his visit to the Metropolis, and the strange fancies which haunted him while there, will probably have little hesitation in accepting this apology for what we may now call an involuntary weakness. The indications of this mental debility did not escape the observation of the gentlemen composing the committee; and Mr. Wallace, of Kelly, at that time Member for Greenock, with a kindness which was the more honorable to him that Motherwell had frequently spoken of him in his editorial capacity with considerable severity, paid him marked attention; and, perceiving how matters really stood, lost no time in getting his bewildered countryman shipped off to Scotland.

On his return he resumed his old habits of life, and was, to all outward appearance, in perfect health. On Saturday, the 31st day of October, 1835, he dined and spent the evening at the house of a gentleman in the suburbs of Glasgow. There was dancing, and it was observed that he bled freely at the nose, which was attributed to the heated state of the apartments. On going into the open air for a short time, the bleeding stopped, and at half-past ten he left his friend's house in the company of the late Mr. Robert M'Nish (better known as the Modern Pythagorean), and the late Mr. Philip Ramsay, and from these gentlemen he parted about 11 o'clock. At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 1st of November he was suddenly

struck while in bed with a violent shock of apoplexy, which almost instantly deprived him of consciousness. He had simply time to exclaim, "My head! My head!" when he fell back on the pillow and never spoke more. I saw him in my professional capacity about half-past six, having been sent for by the medical man who was first called in, but the case was then hopeless, and had been obviously so from the first; knowing, however, that a deep interest was felt in his fate, and anxious that he should have the benefit of the advice of a senior practitioner, I sent for my late friend, Dr. William Young, but before he arrived he was dead. He expired quietly and without suffering, at 8 o'clock, thus closing a life of incessant labor, and of some anxiety, not unmixed with enjoyment, at the early age of 37.

He was buried in the Necropolis, a new cemetery, situated over-against the Cathedral, on Thursday, the 5th of November; and his remains were followed to the grave by a large assemblage of friends, of all shades of political opinion; nor were the compositors and pressmen of the *Courier* office, headed by their foreman, the late Mr. Andrew Tough, the least interesting part of that procession. The body was borne to the ground on men's shoulders, and the pall-bearers were—head, Mr. C. A. Motherwell, his nephew; foot, Mr. — now Sir James Campbell; sides, Mr. Whyte, Mr. M'Laren, Mr. McArthur, Mr. Philip Ramsay, Captain Andrew Hamilton, Sheriff Campbell.*

* It is painful to be obliged to state, that Motherwell's grave cannot be discovered without the assistance of a guide, not being marked by even a headstone and the initials W. M. This is not as it should be, and I am sure that it is only necessary to call the attention of his surviving friends to a circumstance so little creditable to all of us, to have this reproach immediately removed. The grave is situated at the north-eastern corner of the burying-ground.

Motherwell's death was deeply regretted by the citizens of Glasgow generally, and with unaffected sorrow by his more immediate relatives, friends, and associates. Its suddenness invested it with a melancholy interest, and in the presence of that dread messenger whose approach no eye can detect, and whose stern impartiality makes no distinction of age, sex, or condition, it was felt that the tempest of political warfare should be stilled, and that those hollow differences which so often separate kindred spirits in life, should be buried in that grave which now contained the mortal remains of a man of genius and of worth. The records of his demise, which appeared in the different newspapers, were creditable to their conductors, and indicated an anxious desire to do honor to his merits; and I have sincere pleasure in reproducing, after the lapse of eleven years, the handsome testimony which was at that time borne to his character by his public opponent, but private friend, Mr. Wm. Weir, then editor of the *Glasgow Argus*: —

"This accomplished gentleman died suddenly on Sunday morning. Mr. Motherwell's antiquarian knowledge was extensive; and, as the bent of his mind towards the past tinged his poetry, so his imagination lent grace and vitality to his knowledge. A small volume of lyrical poems, published some years back by Mr. Motherwell, is full of tender and unobtrusive beauty. There are few pieces more touching, in the whole range of Scottish poetry, than his 'Jeanie Morrison.' A series of papers published in *The Day*, entitled 'Memoirs of a Paisley Bailie,' are full of grave, quiet, exquisite humor. In addition to these, we have had occasion to see fragments of a prose work of some extent, which Mr. Motherwell had,

and at the bend of the road which leads up the hill, to the right hand. It is a little triangular space covered with weeds, lying between the tombs of Mr. Wm. Sloan, on the right, and Mr. Alex. Patrick, on the left.

we believe, almost completed for the press. It is an embodiment of the old wild legends of the Norsemen (always a favorite theme with the author), and contains passages of surpassing splendor, animated by a wayward spirit, half merriment, half pathos. Mr. Motherwell was also engaged in making collections for a life of Tannahill — a work much wanted, and which, since we have lost him, we know of no other man alive able to supply. Mr. Motherwell is a loss in his own peculiar circle of literature. He will be missed by his antiquarian and poetical associates. But he will be more deeply and lastingly missed in the circle of his personal friends, and of the already too much narrowed circle of his family. This hurried and inadequate tribute is paid to him by one who, decidedly opposed to him on public grounds, and placed in immediate collision with him, was yet proud to call him his friend, and laments his loss."

In personal appearance Motherwell was under-sized, not exceeding, I should think, five feet five, or thereby, in height; but he was vigorously and well formed, and possessed great muscular strength. His bust was that of a large, manly figure, the deficiency in his stature being, as generally happens in such cases, in his limbs, which, though gracefully turned, were short. His head was large, and his brow ample. His eyes, which were small and deeply-set, were surmounted by bushy eyebrows. His face was square, with prominent cheek bones, and his nose wanting in symmetry. His mouth was perhaps the most unexceptionable feature of his countenance, and indicated great firmness, as well as benevolence of character. His hair was of a dark brown color, and besides being abundant in quantity, inclined to curl. In his dress he was neat and plain, and scrupulously clean. The *vignette* affixed to this volume is an excellent likeness, and is fitted to convey a faithful impression of his general appearance.

In his manners he was modest and unpretending, and in general society he spoke little. His conversational powers, in fact, were not high; but in the company of his more intimate friends he was free and unreserved, and entered with a keen relish into the amusements of the hour. When excited, as he was apt occasionally to be when the conversation turned upon any subject in which he took an interest, he displayed much enthusiasm, and threw into his action considerable energy — but this seldom happened, and only in moments of total relaxation from all restraint. He was decidedly social in his tastes, and had nothing of the anchorite about him; and at one period of his life he was addicted to practical joking. Some of his exploits in this way were amusing enough, but the habit was ultimately abandoned, as it threatened to lead to disagreeable consequences, and was improper in itself. He was fond of manly exercises, such as boxing, in which he took lessons from a Negro pugilist, and sword-playing, in the niceties of which he was instructed by that eminent master of fence, M. Foucart. He was also a passionate admirer of the military art, and there can be no doubt, that had circumstances admitted of his exhibiting his military virtues, he would have made a good soldier. In 1820 he served in the Paisley Rifle corps as a serjeant, and latterly as a trooper in the regiment of Renfrewshire Yeomanry Cavalry, which was commanded by the late Sir Michael Shaw Stewart. He was fond of this kind of life, and was punctual in his attendance upon the Yeomanry balls which were given in the county. It would seem, likewise, that he was a good rower, but I do not think that the ocean had many attractions for him.

In his relations as brother and friend his conduct was irreproachable. I have known few equally disinterested men, and none more upright or honorable in their dealings with others. He could not but be aware that he possessed great and peculiar powers, but he

never betrayed any consciousness of this, and was utterly free from literary vanity. Of jealousy, that abiding reproach to men of letters, he had not one particle ; nor do I remember ever to have heard him utter a harsh sentence respecting any human being. His political antipathies were strong, but his personal animosities were weak ; not that he had not his likings and dislikings, like other men, but that his nature was too generous to adopt, and still more to cherish, unkindly feelings towards any one. No better proof of this quality could be given than this, that many of his most intimate and best loved friends were his political antagonists, and that his premature death was regretted by none more sincerely than by those gentlemen, who knew him well and esteemed him highly. Of this fine trait of character the following letter affords a pleasing illustration. Mr. Carrick, in whose behalf it was written, was a meritorious but unsuccessful literary man,* who was an applicant for the office of editor to a Kilmarnock journal ; and it will be seen from it that Motherwell, though decidedly opposed to him in politics, exerted himself strenuously in his favor.

“ COURIER OFFICE, GLASGOW,

“ November 28, 1833.

“ TO MR. DAVID ROBERTSON.

“ MY DEAR SIR,— Understanding that a newspaper is about to be established in Kilmarnock, and that my friend Mr. J. D. Carrick (present editor of the Perth Advertiser) has offered himself as a candidate for its editorship, I wish you would interest yourself on his behalf among those who may have the appointment in their hands.

“ Unfortunately, I neither know the proprietors of the projected

* Author of the Life of Sir William Wallace, which was written for Constable's Miscellany in 1825.

journal, nor any person of influence in Kilmarnock, having a likelihood of being connected with it, otherwise I should have preferred addressing them personally on this subject, in place of through you. Be this as it may, I would fain trust that my disinterested and unsolicited opinion of the talents and literary attainments of Mr. Carrick, in whatever shape laid before the proprietors, may be of some use to a most deserving individual in his canvass.

“With Mr. Carrick and with his writings, both as a literary character, and as the conductor of a very intelligent weekly paper, I have been long familiar; and to the taste, tact, judgment, knowledge and research displayed in these writings, I can bear the most unqualified testimony. Mr. Carrick and I, as you well know, have the misfortune to be opposed to each other in political sentiments, but that circumstance detracts nothing from his merits in my eyes. Perhaps, in the present case, it may even advance his interest; for I am given to understand, that the Kilmarnock paper is to be conducted on what are called Liberal or Reform principles, and to these, in their popular acceptance, I have never, either in my public or private capacity, concealed my most rooted hostility. If I am well informed, then, as to the political views entertained by the proprietors of the contemplated journal, my decided conviction is, that they never could light upon a more energetic and uncompromising, and, at the same time, prudent, sagacious, and enlightened advocate of their principles, than they will find in the person of Mr. Carrick.

“In the management of a paper he has had large experience; his taste in selection is excellent; and, in getting up some of those witty and good-humored paragraphs which conduce so much to the interest of the columns of a provincial paper, and, in consequence, extend its circulation, I scarcely know his equal. My friend, Macdiarmid, of the *Dumfries Courier*, has, in his own peculiar walk, a

formidable rival in Mr. Carrick. As to his eminent qualifications in a higher point of view, his historical works and political essays afford the best of all evidence; but as these, in all probability, will be submitted to the committee entrusted with the nomination of editor, I need not further enlarge on them, for sure I am, that the committee will think with me, that they every way support Mr. Carrick's claims to extensive literary and political acquirements, and furnish the best of all guarantees for the creditable discharge of his duties as an editor.

"My dear Sir, in conclusion, I have only again to beg, that you will use your best influence to back the feeble and inadequate testimony I have borne to the abilities of a common friend—of one who, in every relation of life, has always shown himself a most estimable character.

"Yours faithfully,

"W. MOTHERWELL."

It would be easy to multiply instances of this kind, were I not afraid of trespassing upon the indulgence of the reader, for his correspondence abounds in them; but I cannot pass over in silence his intimacy with R. A. Smith, a man to whom he was sincerely attached, and with whom till death he cultivated a friendship which was unbroken by even a passing cloud.

Smith was born at Reading, in Berkshire, in 1779. His father was a native of West Calder, in Lanarkshire, and his mother an Englishwoman of respectable connections. In the year 1773, his father emigrated to England, in consequence of the dulness of the silk-weaving trade, but returned to Paisley in 1800, after an absence of seventeen years, bringing with him his son, whom he intended to educate to the loom. This, however, was found to be impossible. Nature had furnished the lad with the most delicate musical sensi-

bilities, and after an ineffectual struggle with the ruling passion, music became the business of his life. He attained to considerable provincial distinction, and composed original music for the following songs of the poet Tannahill, whose intimate friend he was : — *Jessie the Flower o' Dumblane* — *The Lass of Arranteenie* — *The Harper of Mull* — *Langsyne beside the Woodland Burn* — *Our Bonnie Scots Lads* — *Despairing Mary* — *Wi' waefu' heart and sorrowin' ee* — *The Maniac's Song* — *Poor Tom's Farewell* — *The Soldier's Widow* — and, *We'll meet beside the Dusky Glen*.

In 1823 he removed to Edinburgh, at the solicitation of the late Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson, where he led the choir of St. George's Church, of which Dr. Thomson was the incumbent, and where he died in January, 1829. Between him and Motherwell there existed a warm friendship, arising no doubt from a congeniality of tastes on many points ; but, on the part of the latter, strengthened by a sincere respect for the virtues as well as the genius of the man. Smith had to contend through life not only with narrow means and domestic discomfort, but against the pressure of a constitutional melancholy, which occasionally impaired the vigor of his fine faculties. His real griefs — of which he had a full share — were, therefore, increased by some that were imaginary, and he was obviously accustomed not only to lean upon the stronger mind of his friend in his moments of depression, but to seek for sympathy in his distress, which, it is needless to add, was never refused. In November, 1826, Smith thus writes to him : —

"I would have written you long ere this, but have been prevented by an amount of domestic distress sufficient to drive all romance out of my mind ; and you must be aware that without a considerable portion of that delightful commodity no good music can be engendered. To be serious, my dear friend, two of my family, my eldest daughter and youngest son, are at this moment lying dangerously ill

of the typhus fever. I hope that I may escape the contagion, but I have sometimes rather melancholy forebodings ; and in the midst of all this, I am obliged to sing professionally every day, and mask my face with smiles to cover the throbbings of a seared and lonely heart."

To this sad effusion Motherwell returned the following characteristic reply :—

"Your domestic afflictions deeply grieve me. I trust by this time, however, that your children have mended, and that you are no sufferer by their malady. Kennedy and I have been shedding tears over your calamities, and praying to Heaven that you may have strength of spirits to bear up under such severe dispensations. We both, albeit we have no family afflictions to mourn over, have yet much to irritate and vex us—much, much indeed, to sour the temper and sadden the countenance—but these things must be borne with patiently. It is folly of the worst description to let thought kill us before our time. * * * I hope to hear from you soon, and to learn that you are in better spirits, and that the causes which have depressed them are happily removed. Kennedy joins me in warm and sincere prayers that this may speedily be the case."

Motherwell was decidedly superstitious ; that is, he had an absolute and unqualified belief in the reality of those spectral illusions which, under whatever name designated, have played so important a part in the history of human credulity from the dawn of time downwards. Upon this point he was tenacious, and as he fortified himself by what he supposed to be facts, he was wont to wax warm in defence of his Rosicrucian theory when it chanced to be assailed. It is no reproach to his memory to say that his logic upon such a subject was necessarily defective, and it would be altogether unjust to condemn as a weakness his participation in an infirmity which has so often attached itself to the highest created intelligences.

His habits of poetical composition were, I suspect, slow and even laborious, and there is ample evidence in his manuscripts to show that the divine *æstrum* was not always at command when most needed. That he prepared his productions with great care before he committed them to the press, or even inserted them in any of his common-place books, is certain; and the history of many of his freest compositions, could it be obtained, would demonstrate that he never forgot the Horatian precept, but wisely remembered that *nescit vox missa reverti*. Of JEANIE MORRISON, for example, there exist at least two rough draughts, if not more, in which this process of elaboration is very distinct, and out of which the poem as it now stands was wrought. There are, of course, different versions of particular stanzas, but the leading ideas and images are the same in all; and as he was thirty-four years of age when he published the ballad in its present form, we thus see that this single production was, in a certain sense, the work of a life.*

In his habits of study he was necessarily desultory. No one who is engaged in the active business of the world can be otherwise; but except in that particular and somewhat narrow department of literature for which he had contracted so strong a partiality in early life, it cannot be said of Motherwell that he was a "well-read" man. With physical science he was but slightly acquainted, and he had neglected general history, including even that of his own country, to an extraordinary degree. From some peculiarity of temperament which is not easily explained, he preferred such writers as Holinshed and Stowe to Hume and Hallam; and the only modern

* I would not be understood as disputing the fact that he sketched the outline of this poem at 14, because I see no just reason to doubt it; but the earliest copy now existing was written when he was 18, or perhaps 20.

historical work of any note that I ever recollect to have heard him speak of, was Sharon Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons. He had likewise a strong distaste to what is commonly called metaphysics, and particularly for the writers of the Scotch school, of whom he sometimes spoke in terms of greater confidence than his acquaintance with their works entitled him to do; but he professed a deep reverence for Coleridge, whose FRIEND he considered a master-piece of philosophy. I do not recollect of ever having heard him even allude to Burke, and for Sir James Mackintosh he had conceived an unreasonable dislike. These carelessnesses and prejudices are to be regretted, since they tended to abridge his knowledge and to impair his usefulness, but they are probably to be referred to the circumstances in which he was placed, rather than to any defect in his mental constitution. A more liberal intercourse with mankind would have disabused him of many of those prepossessions which he had hastily adopted and had little temptation to abandon, and his better nature would have done the rest.

In his personal tastes and feelings he was essentially and ardently Scottish. The language and literature of his native country he had studied with care and success, and to her legendary poetry and metrical traditions he attached a high value. The land was also beautiful in his eyes, and no wandering minstrel of ancient times could have been impressed with a loftier sense of the valor of the men or the virtue of the women who dwelt within its limits. That he was a devout admirer of external nature his poems amply testify. The vast solitude of the universe and the sublime depths of space filled his soul with a holy awe; and whether he looked upon the heavens above with their countless myriads of stars, or upon the earth beneath with its garment of green, and its hills, and valleys, and running streams, his mind was equally impressed with the majesty and power of that great Being who made and sustains all things.

O God! this is an holy hour: —
 Thy breath is o'er the land:
 I feel it in each little flower
 Around me where I stand.
 In all the moonshine scattered fair,
 Above, below me, everywhere —
 In every dew-head glistening sheen,
 In every leaf and blade of green —
 And in this silence grand and deep,
 Wherein thy blessed creatures sleep.*

An elaborate analysis of Motherwell's character as a poet, would not be compatible with the objects and limits of this slight sketch; but it is fortunately rendered unnecessary by the criticism of Professor Wilson, which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for April, 1833.

"All his perceptions are clear, for all his senses are sound; he has fine and strong sensibilities, and a powerful intellect. He has been led by the natural bent of his genius to the old haunts of inspiration — the woods and glens of his native country — and his ears delight to drink the music of her old songs. Many a beautiful ballad has blended its pensive and plaintive pathos with his day-dreams, and while reading some of his happiest effusions, we feel —

'The ancient spirit is not dead, —
 Old times, we say, are breathing there.'

"His style is simple, but in his tenderest movements, masculine; he strikes a few bold knocks at the door of the heart, which is instantly opened by the master or mistress of the house, or by son or daughter, and the welcome visitor at once becomes one of the family." †

* Midnight and Moonshine.

† *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxxiii. p. 670.

This is generous praise, but not more generous than just, and it places the whole case before us by a few vivid strokes. It may be remarked, however, that the field which he chose for the exercise of the higher efforts of his genius, was unappropriated by any name of marked celebrity, and that there was both originality and boldness in the thought, that he could win his way to fame through apparently so unpromising a channel as the Scandinavian mythology, and by the adaptation to modern verse of the stern thoughts and sanguinary aspirations of the northern Scalds. It is obvious that in so daring an enterprise, anything short of entire success would have been fatal to the reputation of its author, and that upon a theme, at once so novel and so vast, mediocrity would not have been tolerated; and it has always appeared to me, that to have triumphed so completely over the latent prejudices of society, and to have extorted the reluctant praise of the critical world, was, in Motherwell's circumstances, the strongest proof he could give of the vigor and elasticity of his powers. Such men as Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, could afford some abatement from that full harvest of renown which they had accumulated; but to a person in Motherwell's position the case was widely different, and the punishment of failure would have been proportioned in its severity to the alleged presumption of the attempt. He did not fail, however, nor—as the result showed—was his confidence in himself overrated; and his metrical imitations of the Sagas are not only distinguished by an exact fidelity of tone and sentiment, but are considered by competent judges to be fine heroic ballads, which display energetic powers of description, united to a high dramatic faculty. Had Gray followed out his original intention, and given to the world that “History of Poetry,” of which he had at one time meditated the composition, his successor would have had to encounter a much more formidable competition than that which

actually awaited him; but he, as is well known, abandoned the design, and, except "The Fatal Sisters" and the "Descent of Odin," I cannot call to mind any other purely English poems constructed upon a northern basis. It may argue an undue partiality, but I prefer "The Battle Flag of Sigurd" to either of Gray's odes.*

* Had the intellect of Collins preserved its balance, the Norse legends would have afforded an inexhaustible supply of those materials in which his genius most delighted. "He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens." — (Johnson.) His ode on "THE PASSIONS," shows how familiar his mind was with those terrible images, in which we naturally, as it were, involve the harsher emotions of the soul; and it is probable, from the extent and variety of his attainments, and his allusion in the ode on the popular superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland, inscribed to Mr. Home, to those —

"Old Runic bards
With uncouth lyres, in many colour'd vest,"

that he was not unacquainted with the mythical treasures of the Sagas. There is nothing finer or more vigorous in the language, than his description of REVENGE: —

"He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sound so full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head."

That the manners of the Valhalla and the exploits of the Vikings had made a lasting impression upon Motherwell's imagination, we have abundant proof in the first three poems of this volume ; and my own impression is, that in future times his fame will rest in a great measure on these splendid specimens of warlike invocation. As he comes nearer to ordinary life, his poetical individuality insensibly disappears, and the "uncouth lyre" of the "Runic bard" is exchanged for the softer harp of the modern minstrel. The old Scottish ballad might be as successfully imitated, perhaps, by men of far inferior capacity, and exquisite as some of his lyrical compositions are, they might likewise be approached, if not excelled ; but for the conception and execution of the "Battle Flag of Sigurd," "The Wooing Song of Jarl Egill Skallagrim," and the "Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi," a special inspiration and peculiar powers were required — and I will venture to predict that they will survive the changes of time and the caprices of fashion.

One of his most prominent defects as a lyrical poet is, in my opinion, the assumption — for it was no more — of a morbid tone of feeling respecting the world and its ways. Doubtless —

"pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas :"

but there is a natural limit to even this proverbial license, and a perpetual dirge about broken vows, slighted love, and human selfishness, is apt to engender the idea that the man who thus indulges in habitual lamentation over his own misfortunes, must have been less discriminating in his friendships, or less deserving of regard, than we could wish him to have been. But this was not the case with William Motherwell. Few men have enjoyed, and few men have more entirely merited, the strong and steady attachment of those with whom they associated ; and if life brought to him its share of sorrow and anxiety, it likewise afforded many and solid compensa-

tions for his sufferings, of which, I have not a doubt, he was fully sensible, and for which, I have as little doubt, he was truly thankful. I would not have noticed this peculiarity, had it not communicated to some of his effusions an air of harsh exaggeration which was really foreign to his modest and uncomplaining nature, and did it not tend to create the belief that my late friend, with all his gifts, was deficient in that humility of mind which should characterize a wise and a good man. This was not so, and when passages—I regret to say that they are too numerous—do occur, which might encourage this notion, let me hope that they will not be construed to his prejudice, but that they may be looked upon as mere poetical embellishments.

For the occasional defects which may be discovered in the mechanical structure of his verse, no very satisfactory explanation can be offered. He had made poetry and its laws the business of his life, yet imperfect lines and prosaic expressions do occur more frequently than could be desired, to mar the harmony of some of his best pieces, and, in certain cases, even to impair their sense. The only account that I can give of this infirmity is, that his ear wanted rythmical accuracy, and that from some peculiarity of his physical organization he was unable to appreciate the more delicate modulations of sound. He was eminently unmusical—not that he disliked music, far from it—but that his love of melody did not counterbalance his unacquaintance with the rules of harmony, of breaches of which he was often, though unintentionally, guilty.

Upon the whole, his place as a minor poet is a distinguished one. He has undoubtedly enriched the language with many noble specimens of manly song; and when it is remembered that he prosecuted his poetical studies in silence and retirement, animated alone by the love of his art, and sustained through many long years of

trial and of toil by the distant gleam of posthumous fame, it will not be disputed that his motives to action were exalted, and his exertions in the cause of human improvement disinterested.

Ossa quieta, precor, tuta requiescite in urna ;
Et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo.

J. M'C.

GLASGOW, DECEMBER 23, 1846.

POEMS.

POEMS.

THE BATTLE-FLAG OF SIGURD.

I.

THE eagle hearts of all the North
Have left their stormy strand ;
The warriors of the world are forth
To choose another land !
Again, their long keels sheer the wave,
Their broad sheets court the breeze ;
Again, the reckless and the brave,
Ride lords of weltering seas.
Nor swifter from the well-bent bow
Can feathered shaft be sped,
Than o'er the ocean's flood of snow
Their snorting galleys tread.
Then lift the can to bearded lip,
And smite each sounding shield,

Wassaile! to every dark-ribbed ship,
To every battle-field!
So proudly the Skalds raise their voices of triumph,
As the Northmen ride over the broad-bosom'd billow.

II.

Aloft, Sigurdir's battle-flag
Streams onward to the land,
Well may the taint of slaughter lag
On yonder glorious strand.
The waters of the mighty deep,
The wild birds of the sky,
Hear it like vengeance shoreward sweep,
Where moody men must die.
The waves wax wroth beneath our keel,—
The clouds above us lower,
They know the battle-sign, and feel
All its resistless power!
Who now uprears Sigurdir's flag,
Nor shuns an early tomb?
Who shoreward through the swelling surge,
Shall bear the scroll of doom?
So shout the Skalds, as the long ships are nearing
The low-lying shores of a beautiful land.

III.

Silent the Self-devoted stood
Beside the massive tree ;
His image mirror'd in the flood
Was terrible to see !
As leaning on his gleaming axe,
And gazing on the wave,
His fearless soul was churning up
The death-rune of the brave.
Upheaving then his giant form
Upon the brown bark's prow,
And tossing back the yellow storm
Of hair from his broad brow ;
The lips of song burst open, and
The words of fire rushed out,
And thundering through that martial crew
Pealed Harald's battle shout ; —
It is Harald the Dauntless that lifteth his great voice,
As the Northmen roll on with the doom - written
banner.

IV.

' I bear Sigurdir's battle-flag
Through sunshine, or through gloom ;
Through swelling surge on bloody strand
I plant the scroll of doom !

On Scandia's lonest, bleakest waste,
Beneath a starless sky,
The Shadowy Three like meteors passed,
And bade young Harald die; —
They sang the war-deeds of his sires,
And pointed to their tomb;
They told him that this glory-flag
Was his by right of doom.
Since then, where hath young Harald been,
But where Jarl's son should be?
'Mid war and waves, — the combat keen
That raged on land or sea !'
So sings the fierce Harald, the thirster for glory,
As his hand bears aloft the dark death-laden banner.

v.

' Mine own death 's in this clenched hand ;
I know the noble trust ;
These limbs must rot on yonder strand, —
These lips must lick its dust,
But shall this dusky standard quail
In the red slaughter-day ;
Or shall this heart its purpose fail, —
This arm forget to slay ?

I trample down such idle doubt ;
Harald's high blood hath sprung
From sires whose hands in martial bout
Have ne'er belied their tongue ;
Nor keener from their castled rock
Rush eagles on their prey,
Than, panting for the battle-shock,
Young Harald leads the way.'
It is thus that tall Harald, in terrible beauty,
Pours forth his big soul to the joyaunce of heroes.

VL

' The ship-borne warriors of the North,
The sons of Woden's race,
To battle as to feast go forth,
With stern, and changeless face ;
And I the last of a great line, —
The Self-devoted, long
To lift on high the Runic sign
Which gives my name to song.
In battle-field young Harald falls
Amid a slaughtered foe,
But backward never bears this flag,
While streams to ocean flow ; —

On, on above the crowded dead
This Runic scroll shall flare,
And round it shall the lightnings spread,
From swords that never spare.'
So rush the hero-words from the Death-doomed one,
While Skalds harp aloud the renown of his fathers.

VII.

'Flag! from your folds, and fiercely wake
War-music on the wind,
Lest tenderest thoughts should rise to shake
The sternness of my mind;
Brynhilda, maiden meek and fair,
Pale watcher by the sea,
I hear thy wailings on the air,
Thy heart's dirge sung for me: —
In vain thy milk-white hands are wrung
Above the salt sea foam;
The wave that bears me from thy bower,
Shall never bear me home;
Brynhilda! seek another love,
But ne'er wed one like me,
Who death foredoomed from above
Joys in his destiny.'

Thus mourned young Harald as he thought on
Brynhilda,
While his eyes filled with tears which glittered,
but fell not.

VIII.

'On sweeps Sigurdir's battle-flag,
The scourge of far from shore;
It dashes through the seething foam,
But I return no more !
Wedded unto a fatal bride, —
Boune for a bloody bed, —
And battling for her, side by side,
Young Harald's doom is sped !
In starkest fight, where kemp on kemp
Reel headlong to the grave,
There Harald's axe shall ponderous ring,
There Sigurd's flag shall wave ; —
Yes, underneath this standard tall,
Beside this fateful scroll,
Down shall the tower-like prison fall
Of Harald's haughty soul.'

So sings the Death-seeker, while nearer and nearer
The fleet of the Northmen bears down to the shore.

IX.

' Green lie those thickly timbered shores
Fair sloping to the sea ;
They 're cumbered with the harvest stores
That wave but for the free :
Our sickle is the gleaming sword,
Our garner the broad shield, —
Let peasants sow, but still he 's lord
Who 's master of the field ;
Let them come on, the bastard-born,
Each soil-stain'd churle ! — alack !
What gain they but a splitten skull,
A sod for their base back ?
They sow for us these goodly lands,
We reap them in our might,
Scorning all title but the brands
That triumph in the fight !

It was thus the land-winners of old gained their glory,
And gray stones voiced their praise in the bays of far
isles.

X.

' The rivers of yon island low,
Glance redly in the sun,

But ruddier still they 're doomed to glow,
And deeper shall they run ;
The torrent of proud life shall swell
Each river to the brim,
And in that spate of blood, how well
The headless corpse will swim !
The smoke of many a shepherd's cot
Curls from each peopled glen ;
And, hark ! the song of maidens mild,
The shout of joyous men !
But one may hew the oaken tree,
The other shape the shroud ;
As the LANDEYNA o'er the sea
Sweeps like a tempest cloud : ' —
So shouteth fierce Harald, — so echo the Northmen,
As shoreward their ships like mad steeds are ca-
reering.

XI.

' Sigurdir's battle-flag is spread
Abroad to the blue sky,
And spectral visions of the dead
Are trooping grimly by ;
The spirit heralds rush before
Harald's destroying brand,

They hover o'er yon fated shore
And death-devoted band.
Marshal stout Jarls your battle fast !
And fire each beacon height,
Our galleys anchor in the sound,
Our banners heave in sight !
And through the surge and arrowy shower
That rains on this broad shield,
Harald uplifts the sign of power
Which rules the battle-field !'
So cries the Death-doomed on the red strand of
slaughter,
While the helmets of heroes like anvils are ringing.

XII.

On rolled the Northmen's war, above
The Raven Standard flew,
Nor tide nor tempest ever strove
With vengeance half so true.
'T is Harald, — 't is the Sire bereaved,—
Who goads the dread career,
And high amid the flashing storm
The flag of Doom doth rear.
'On, on,' the tall Death-seeker cries,

'These earth worms soil our heel,
Their spear-points crash like crisping ice
On ribs of stubborn steel !'
Hurra ! hurra ! their whirlwinds sweep,
And Harald's fate is sped ;
Bear on the flag — he goes to sleep
With the life-scorning dead.

Thus fell the young Harald, as of old fell his sires,
And the bright hall of heroes bade hail to his spirit.

THE WOOING SONG OF JARL EGILL
SKALLAGRIM.

BÆRHT maiden of Orkney,
Star of the blue sea !
I've swept o'er the waters
To gaze upon thee ;
I've left spoil and slaughter,
I've left a far strand,
To sing how I love thee,
To kiss thy small hand !
Fair daughter of Einar,
Golden-haired maid !
The lord of yon brown bark,
And lord of this blade ;
The joy of the ocean, —
Of warfare and wind,
Hath boune him to woo thee,
And thou must be kind.

So stoutly Jarl Egill wooed Torf Einar's daught

In Jutland, — in Iceland, —
On Neustria's shore,
Where'er the dark billow
My gallant bark bore,
Songs spoke of thy beauty,
Harps sounded thy praise,
And my heart loved thee long ere
It thrilled in thy gaze :
Ay, Daughter of Einar,
Right tall mayst thou stand,
It is a Vikingir
Who kisses thy hand :
It is a Vikingir
That bends his proud knee,
And swears by Great Freya,
His bride thou must be !

So Jarl Egill swore when his great heart was fullest.

Thy white arms are locked in
Broad bracelets of gold ;
Thy girdle-stead's gleaming
With treasures untold :
The circlet that binds up
Thy long yellow hair,

Is starred thick with jewels,
That bright are and rare ;
But gifts yet more princely
Jarl Egill bestows,
For girdle, his great arm
Around thee he throws ;
The bark of a sea-king
For palace, gives he,
While mad waves and winds shall
Thy true subjects be.

So richly Jarl Egill endowed his bright bride.

Nay, frown not, nor shrink thus,
Nor toss so thy head,
'T is a Vikingir asks thee,
Land-maiden to wed !
He skills not to woo thee,
In trembling and fear,
Though lords of the land may
Thus troop with the deer.
The cradle he rock'd in
So sound and so long,
Hath framed him a heart
And a hand that are strong :

He comes then as Jarl should,
Sword belted to side,
To win thee and wear thee
With glory and pride.
So sternly Jarl Egill wooed, and smote his long brand.

Thy father, thy brethren,
Thy kin keep from me,
The maiden I've sworn shall
Be Queen of the sea !
A truce with that folly —
Yon sea-strand can show
If this eye missed its aim,
Or this arm failed its blow :
I had not well taken
Three strides on this land,
Ere a Jarl and his six sons
In death bit the sand.
Nay, weep not, pale maid, though
In battle should fall
The kemps who would keep thy
Bridegroom from the hall.
So carped Jarl Egill, and kissed the bright weeper.

Through shadows and horrors,
In worlds underground,
Through sounds that appall
And through sights that confound,
I sought the Weird women
Within their dark cell,
And made them surrender
Futurity's spell ;
I made them rune over
The dim scroll so free,
And mutter how fate sped
With lovers like me ;
Yes, maiden, I forced them
To read forth my doom,
To say how I should fare
As jolly bridegroom.

So Jarl Egill's love dared the world of grim shadows.

They waxed and they waned,
They passed to and fro,
While lurid fires gleamed o'er
Their faces of snow ;
Their stony eyes moveless,
Did glare on me long,

Then sullen they chanted :
'The Sword and the Song
Prevail with the gentle,
Sore chasten the rude,
And sway to their purpose
Each evil-shaped mood !'
Fair Daughter of Einar,
I've sung the dark lay
That the Weird sisters runed, and
Which thou must obey.

So fondly Jarl Egill loved Einar's proud daughter.

The curl of that proud lip,
The flash of that eye,
The swell of that bosom,
So full and so high,
Like foam of sea-billow,
Thy white bosom shows,
Like flash of red levin
Thine eagle eye glows :
Ha ! firmly and boldly,
So stately and free,
Thy foot treads this chamber,
As bark rides the sea :

This likes me — this likes me,
Stout maiden of mould,
Thou wooest to purpose;
Bold hearts love the bold.

So shouted Jarl Egill, and clutched the proud maiden.

Away and away then,
I have thy small hand;
Joy with me, — our tall bark
Now bears toward the strand;
I call it the Raven,
The wing of black night,
That shadows forth ruin
O'er islands of light:
Once more on its long deck,
Behind us the gale,
Thou shalt see how before it
Great kingdoms do quail:
Thou shalt see then how truly,
My noble-souled maid,
The ransom of kings can
Be won by this blade.

So bravely Jarl Egill did soothe the pale trembler.

Ay, gaze on its large hilt,
One wedge of red gold ;
But doat on its blade, gilt
With blood of the bold.
The hilt is right seemly,
But nobler the blade,
That swart Velint's hammer
With cunning spells made ;
I call it the Adder,
Death lurks in its bite,
Through bone and proof-harness
It scatters pale light.
Fair Daughter of Einar,
Deem high of the fate
That makes thee, like this blade,
Proud Egill's loved mate !
So Jarl Egill bore off Torf Einar's bright daughter.

THE SWORD CHANT OF THORSTEIN RAUDI.



'Tis not the gray hawk's flight
 O'er mountain and mere ;
 'Tis not the fleet hound's course
 Tracking the deer ;
 'Tis not the light hoof print
 Of black steed or gray,
 Though sweltering it gallop
 A long summer's day ;
 Which mete forth the Lordships
 I challenge as mine ;
 Ha ! ha ! 't is the good brand
 I clutch in my strong hand,
 That can their broad marches
 And numbers define.
 LAND GIVER ! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses,
 Base tillers of earth,

Gaping, ask me what lordships
I owned at my birth ;
But the pale fools wax mute
When I point with my sword
East, west, north, and south,
Shouting, 'There am I Lord !'
Wold and waste, town and tower,
Hill, valley, and stream,
Trembling, bow to my sway
In the fierce battle fray,
When the star that rules Fate, is
This falchion's red gleam.
MIGHT GIVER ! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harps sounding,
In brave bower and hall,
I've drank the sweet music
That bright lips let fall,
I've hunted in greenwood,
And heard small birds sing ;
But away with this idle
And cold jargonning ;
The music I love, is
The shout of the brave,

The yell of the dying,
The scream of the flying,
When this arm wields death's sickle,
And garners the grave.
JOY GIVER ! I kiss thee.

Far isles of the ocean
Thy lightning have known,
And wide o'er the main land
Thy horrors have shone.
Great sword of my father,
Stern joy of his hand,
Thou hast carved his name deep on
The stranger's red strand,
And won him the glory
Of undying song.
Keen cleaver of gay crests,
Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
Grim slayer of heroes,
And scourge of the strong.
FAME GIVER ! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding
Than that the heart knows,

For maiden more lovely
Than summer's first rose,
My heart's knit to thine,
And lives but for thee ;
In dreamings of gladness,
Thou 'rt dancing with me,
Brave measures of madness
In some battle-field,
Where armor is ringing,
And noble blood springing,
And cloven, yawn helmet,
Stout hauberk and shield.
DEATH GIVER ! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye
Soon may depart ;
And light is the faith of
Fair woman's heart ;
Changeful as light clouds,
And wayward as wind,
Be the passions that govern
Weak woman's mind.
But thy metal's as true
As its polish is bright ;

When ills wax in number,
Thy love will not slumber,
But, starlike, burns fiercer,
The darker the night.
HEART GLADDENER ! I kiss thee.

My kindred have perished
By war or by wave, —
Now, childless and sireless,
I long for the grave.
When the path of our glory
Is shadowed in death,
With me thou wilt slumber
Below the brown heath ;
Thou wilt rest on my bosom,
And with it decay, —
While harps shall be ringing,
And Scalds shall be singing
The deeds we have done in
Our old fearless day.
SONG GIVER ! I kiss thee.

JEANIE MORRISON.



I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way ;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day !
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule ;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een, wi' tears :
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'T was then we twa did part ;

Sweet time — sad time ! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart !
'T was then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear ;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said,
We cleek'd thegither hame ?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran aff to speel the braes —
The broomy braes o' June ?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
O, mornin' life! O, mornin' luve!
O lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood,
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe äbune the burn,
For hours thegither sat

In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak !
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled, — unsung !

I marvel Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me ?
O ! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine ;
O ! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne ?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot ;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.

The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way ;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue ;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me !

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.



My heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break, —
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
I'm dyin' for your sake !
O lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my briest-bane, —
O say ye'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane !

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sair grief maun ha'e its will, —
But let me rest upon your briest,
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair !

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life, —

A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair, —
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strang is its despair !

O wae 's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met, —
O wae 's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set !
O wae 's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae, —
And wae 's me for the destinie,
That gart me luve thee sae !

O ! dinna mind my words, Willie,
I downa seek to blame, —
But O ! it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a warld's shame !
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin ;
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow and for sin ?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see, —
I canna live as I ha'e lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine, —
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun' through my heart, —
O! haud me up and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa pairt.
Anither, and anither yet! —
How fast my life-strings break! —
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yard
Step lichtly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That lilts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,

Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But O ! remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be, —
And O ! think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit ane but thee !
And O ! think on the cauld, cauld mools,
That file my yellow hair, —
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
Ye never sall kiss mair !

THE MADMAN'S LOVE.



Ho ! FLESH and Blood ! sweet Flesh and Blood
 As ever strode on earth !
 Welcome to Water and to Wood, —
 To all a Madman's mirth.
 This tree is mine, this leafless tree
 That's writhen o'er the linn ;
 The stream is mine, that fitfully
 Pours forth its sullen din.
 Their lord am I ; and still my dream
 Is of this Tree, — is of that Stream.

The Tree, the Stream, — a deadly Twain !
 They will not live apart ;
 The one rolls thundering through my brain,
 The other smites my heart :
 Ay, this same leafless, fire-scathed tree,
 That groweth by the rock,
 Shakes its old sapless arms at me,
 And would my madness mock !
 The slaves are saucy, — well they know
 Good service did they long ago.

I've lived two lives : The first is past
Some hundred years or more ;
But still the present is o'ercast
With visionings of yore.
This tree, this rock, that's cushioned sweet
With tufts of savory thyme,
That unseen river, which doth greet
Our ears with its rude rhyme,
Were then as now, — they form the chain
That links the present with past pain.

Sweet Flesh and Blood ! how deadly chill
These milk-white fingers be !
The feathery ribs of ice-bound rill
Seem not so cold to me ; —
But press them on this burning brow
Which glows like molten brass,
'T will thaw them soon ; then thou shalt know
How ancient visions pass
Before mine eyes, like shapes of life,
Kindling old loves and deadly strife.

Drink to me first ! — nay, do not scorn
These sparkling dews of night ;

I pledge thee in the silver horn
Of yonder moonlet bright ;
'Tis stinted measure now, but soon
Thy cup shall overflow ;
It half was spilled two hours ago,
That little flowers might grow,
And weave for me fine robes of silk ;
For which good deed, stars drop them n

Nay, take the horn into thy hand,
The goodly silver horn,
And quaff it off. At my command
Each flower-cup, ere the morn,
Shall brimful be of glittering dews,
And then we'll have large store
Of heaven's own vintage ripe for use,
To pledge our healths thrice o'er ;
So skink the can as maiden free,
Then troll the merry bowl to me !

Hush ! — drink no more ! for now the tre
In yonder grand old wood,
Burst forth in sinless melodies
To cheer my solitude ;

Trees sing thus every night to me,
So mournfully and slow, —
They think, dear hearts, 't were well for me,
Could large tears once forth flow
From this hard frozen eye of mine,
As freely as they stream from thine.

Ay, ay, they sing right passing well,
And pleasantly in tune,
To midnight winds a canticle
That floats up to the moon ;
And she goes wandering near and far
Through yonder vaulted skies,
No nook whereof but hath a star
Shed for me from her eyes ; —
She knows I cannot weep, but she
Weeps worlds of light for love of me !

Yes, in her bower of clouds she weeps
Night after night for me, —
The lonely man that sadly keeps
Watch by the blasted tree.
She spreads o'er these lean ribs her beams,
To scare the cutting cold ;

She lends me light to read my dreams,
And rightly to unfold
The mysteries that make men mad,
Or wise, or wild, or good, or bad.

So lovingly she shines through me,
Without me and within,
That even thou, methinks, might'st see,
Beneath this flesh so thin,
A heart that like a ball of fire
Is ever blazing there,
Yet dieth not; for still the lyre
Of heaven soothes its despair, —
The lyre that sounds so sadly sweet,
When winds and woods and waters meet.

Hush ! hush ! so sang yon ghastly wood,
So moaned the sullen stream
One night, as two on this rock stood
Beneath this same moonbeam : —
Nay, start not ! — one was Flesh and Blood,
A dainty, straight-limbed dame,
That clung to me and sobbed, — O God
Struggling with maiden shame,

•

She faltered forth her love, and swore, —
'ON LAND OR SEA, THINE EVERMORE !'

By Wood, by Water, and by Wind,
Yea, by the blessed light
Of the brave moon, that maiden kind
Eternal faith did plight ;
Yea, by the rock on which we stood, —
This altar-stone of yore, —
That loved one said, ' On land or flood,
Thine, thine for evermore !'
The earth reeled round, I gasped for breath,
I loved, and was beloved till death !

I felt upon my brow a kiss,
Upon my cheek a tear ;
I felt that now life's sum of bliss
Was more than heart could bear.
Life's sum of bliss ? say rather pain,
For heart to find its mate,
To love, and be beloved again,
Even when the hand of Fate
Motions farewell ! — and one must be
A wanderer on the faithless sea.

Ay, Land or Sea ! for, mark me now,
Next morrow o'er the foam,
Sword girt to side, and helm on brow,
I left a sorrowing home ;
Yet still I lived as very part
Even of this sainted rock,
Where first that loved one's tristful heart
Its secret treasure broke
In my love-thirsting ear alone,
Here, here, on this huge altar-stone.

Hear'st thou the busy sounds that come
From yonder glittering shore :
The madness of the doubling drum,
The naker's sullen roar, —
The wild and shrilly strains that swell
From each bright brassy horn, —
The fluttering of each penoncel
By knightly lance upborne, —
The clear ring of each tempered shield,
And proud steeds neighing far afield ?

Sweet Flesh and Blood ! my tale's not told,
'T is scanty well begun : —

** Reapers. ?*

Our vows were passed, in heaven enrolled,
And then next morrow's sun
Saw banners waving in the wind,
And tall barks on the sea :
Glory before, and Love behind,
Marshalled proud chivalrie,
As every valor-freighted ship
Its gilt prow in the wave did dip.

And then passed o'er a merry time, —
A roystering gamesome life,
Till cheeks were tanned with many a clime,
Brows scarred in many a strife.
But what of that ? Year after year,
In every battle's shock,
Or 'mid the storms of ocean drear,
My heart clung to this rock ;
Was with its very being blent,
Sucking from it brave nourishment.

All life, all feeling, every thought
Was centred in this spot ;
The unforgetting being wrought
Upon the Unforgot.

Time fled on ; but time ne'er dimmed
The picturings of the heart, —
Freshly as when they first were limned,
Truth's fadeless tints would start ;
Yes ! wheresoe'er Life's bark might steer,
This changeless heart was anchored here.

Ha ! laugh, sweet Flesh and Blood, outright,
Nor smother honest glee,
Your time is now ; but ere this night
Hath travelled over me,
My time shall come ; and then, ay, then
The wanton stars shall reel
Like drunkards all, when we madmen
Upraise our laughter peal.
I see the cause : the **TWAIN**, — the **ONE**, —
The **SHAPE** that gibbered in the sun !

You pinch my wrist, you press my knee,
With fingers long and small ;
Light fetters these, — not so on me
Did heathen shackles fall,
When I was captived in the fight
On Candy's fatal shore ;

And paynims won a battered knight,
A living well of gore ; —
How the knaves smote me to the ground,
And hewed me like a tree all round !

They hammered irons on my hand,
And irons on my knee ;
They bound me fast with many a band,
To pillar and to tree ;
They flung me in a loathsome pit,
Where loathly things were rife, —
Where newte, and toad, and rat would sit,
Debating for my life,
On my breast bone ; while one and all
Hissed, fought, and voided on their thrall.

Yet lived I on, and, madman-like,
With unchanged heart I lay ;
No venom to its core could strike,
For it was far away : —
'T was even here beside this Tree,
Its Trysting-place of yore,
Where that fond maiden swore to me,
'Thine, thine, for evermore.'

Faith in her vow made that pit seem
The palace of Arabian dream.

And so was passed a weary time,
How long I cannot tell,
'T was years ere in that sunny clime
A sunbeam on me fell.
But from that tomb I rushed in tears,
The fetters fell from me,
They rusted through with damp and years,
And rotted was the tree,
When the Undying crawled from night, —
From loathsomeness, into God's light.

O Lord! there was a flood of sound
Came rushing through my ears,
When I arose from underground,
A wild thing shedding tears: —
The voices of glad birds and brooks,
And eke of greenwood tree,
With all the long-remembered looks
Of earth, and sky, and sea,
Danced madly through my 'wilderer brain,
And shook me like a wind-swung chain.

Men marvelled at the ghastly form
That sat before the sun, —
That laughed to scorn the pelting storm,
Nor would the thunders shun ;
The bearded Shape that gibbered sounds
Of uncouth lore and lands,
Struck awe into these Heathen hounds,
Who, lifting up their hands,
Blessed the wild prophet, and then brought
Raiment and food unthanked, unsought.

I have a dreaming of the sea, —
A dreaming of the land, —
A dreaming that again to me
Belonged a good knight's brand, —
A dreaming that this brow was pressed
With plumed helm once more,
That linkèd mail reclad this breast
When I retrod the shore,
The blessed shores of my fatherland,
And knelt in prayer upon its strand.

' Years furrow brows and channel cheeks,
But should not chase old loves away ;

The language which true heart first speaks,
That language must it hold for aye.'
This poesie a war-worn man
Did mutter to himself one night,
As upwards to this cliff he ran ;
That shone in the moonlight ;
And by the moonlight curiously,
He scanned the bark of this old tree.

' No change is here, all things remain
As they were years ago ;
With self-same voice the old woods playne,
When shrilly winds do blow, —
Still murmuring to itself, the stream
Rolls o'er its rocky bed, —
Still smiling in its quiet dream,
The small flower nods its head ;
And I stand here,' the War-worn said,
' Like Nature's heart unaltered.'

Now, Flesh and Blood, that sits by me
On this bare ledge of stone,
So sat that Childe of chivalrie,
One summer eve alone.

I saw him, and methought he seemed
Like to the bearded Form
That sat before the sun, and gleamed
Defiance to the storm ;
I saw him in his war-weed sit,
And other Two before him flit.

Yes, in the shadow of that tree,
And motionless as stone,
Sat the War-worn, while mirthfully
The other Two passed on ; —
By heaven ! one was a comely bride,
Her face gleamed in the moon,
As richly as in full-fleshed pride
Bright roses burst in June ;
Methought she was the maiden mild,
That whilome loved the wandering Childe !

But it was not her former love
That wandered with her there, —
O, no ! long absence well may move
A maiden to despair ;
Old loves we cast unto the winds,
Old vows into the sea,

'T is lightsome for all gentle minds
To be as fancy free.
So the Vow-pledged One loved another,
And wantoned with a younger brother.

I heard a dull, hoarse, chuckle sound,
Beside that trysting-tree ;
I saw uprising from the ground,
A ghastly shape like me.
But no ! — it was the War-worn wight,
That pale as whited wall,
Strode forth into the moonshine bright,
And let the hoarse sounds fall.
A voice uprushing from the tomb
Than his, were less fulfilled with doom.

' Judgment ne'er sleeps ! ' the War-worn said,
As striding into light,
He stood before that shuddering maid,
Between her and that knight.
Judgment ne'er sleeps ! 't is wondrous odd,
One gurgle, one long sigh,
Ended it all ! Upon this sod
Lay one with unclosed eye,

And then the boiling linn that night,
Flung on its banks a lady bright.

She tripped towards me as you have tripped,
Pale maiden ! and as cold ;
She sipped with me as you have sipped,
Night dews, and then I told
To her as you, my weary tale
Of double life and pain ;
And thawed her fingers chill and pale
Upon my burning brain ; —
That daintiest piece of Flesh on earth,
I welcomed to all my mirth.

And then I pressed her icy hand
Within my burning palm,
And told her tales of that far land,
Of sunshine, flowers, and balm ;
I told her of the damp, dark hole,
The fetters and the tree,
And of the slimy things that stole
O'er shuddering flesh so free :
Yea, of the Bearded Ghastliness,
That sat in the sun's loveliness.

I welcomed her, I welcome thee,
 To sit upon this stone,
And meditate all night with me,
 On ages that are gone ;
To dream again each marvellous dream,
 Of passion and of truth,
And reconstruct each shattered beam
 That glorified glad youth.
These were the days ! — hearts then could feel,
Eyes weep, and slumbers o'er them steal.

But not so now. The second life
 That wearied hearts must live,
Is woven with that thread of strife, —
 Forget not, nor Forgive !
Fires, scorching fires, run through our veins,
 Our corded sinews crack,
And molten lead boils in our brains,
 For marrow to the back.
Ha ! ha ! What's Life ? Think of the joke,
The fiercest fire still ends in smoke.

Fill up the cup ! fill up the can !
 Drink, drink, sweet Flesh and Blood,

The health of the grim bearded man
That haunteth solitude; —
The wood pours forth its melodies,
And stars whirl fast around;
Yon moon-ship scuds before the breeze, —
Hark, how sky-billows sound !
Drink, Flesh and Blood ! then trip with me,
One measure round the Madman's Tree !

HALBERT THE GRIM.

THERE is blood on that brow,
 There is blood on that hand;
THERE is blood on that hauberk,
 And blood on that brand.

O ! bloody all o'er is
 His war-cloak, I weet;
He is wrapped in the cover
 Of murder's red sheet.

There is pity in man, —
 Is there any in him ?
No ! ruth were a strange guest
 To Halbert the Grim.

The hardest may soften,
 The fiercest repent;
But the heart of Grim Halbert
 May never relent.

Death doing on earth, is
For ever his cry ;
And pillage and plunder
His hope in the sky !

'T is midnight, deep midnight,
And dark is the heaven ;
Sir Halbert, in mockery,
Wends to be shriven.

He kneels not to stone,
And he bends not to wood ;
But he swung round his brown blade,
And hewed down the Rood !

He stuck his long sword, with
Its point in the earth ;
And he prayed to its cross hilt,
In mockery and mirth.

Thus lowly he louteth,
And mumbles his beads ;
Then lightly he riseth,
And homeward he speeds.

His steed hurries homewards,
Darkling and dim;
Right fearful its prances
With Halbert the Grim.

Still fiercer it tramples,
The spur gores its side;
Now downward and downward
Grim Halbert doth ride.

The brown wood is threaded,
The gray flood is past,
Yet hoarser and wilder
Moans ever the blast.

No star lends its taper,
No moon sheds her glow;
For dark is the dull path
That Baron must go.

Though starless the sky, and
No moon shines abroad,
Yet, flashing with fire, all
At once gleams the road.

And his black steed, I trow,
As it galloped on,
With a hot sulphur halo,
And flame-flash all shone.

From eye and from nostril,
Out gushed the pale flame,
And from its chafed mouth, the
Churned fire-froth came.

They are two ! they are two ! —
They are coal black as night,
That now staunchly follow
That grim Baron's flight.

In each lull of the wild blast,
Out breaks their deep yell ;
'Tis the slot of the doomed one,
These hounds track so well.

Ho ! downward, still downward,
Sheer slopeth his way :
No let hath his progress,
No gate bids him stay.

No noise had his horse-hoof
As onward it sped ;
But silent it fell, as
The foot of the dead.

Now redder and redder
Flares far its bright eye,
And harsher these dark hounds
Yell out their fierce cry.

Sheer downward ! right downward
Then dashed life and limb,
As careering to hell,
Sunk Halbert the Grim !

TRUE LOVE'S DIRGE.



SOME love is light and fleets away,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
Some love is deep and scorns decay,
Ah, well-a-day ! in vain.

Of loyal love I sing this lay,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
'T is of a knight and lady gay,
Ah, well-a-day ! bright twain.

He loved her, — heart loved ne'er so well,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
She was a cold and proud damsel,
Ah, well-a-day ! and vain.

He loved her, — oh, he loved her long,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
But she for love gave bitter wrong,
Ah ! well-a-day ! Disdain !

It is not meet for knight like me,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
Though scorned, love's recreant to be,
Ah, well-a-day ! Refrain.

That brave knight buckled to his brand,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
And fast he sought a foreign strand,
Ah, well-a-day ! in pain.

He wandered wide by land and sea,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
A mirror of bright constancye,
Ah, well-a-day ! in vain.

He would not chide, he would not blame,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
But at each shrine he breathed her name,
Ah, well-a-day ! Amen !

He would not carpe, he would not sing,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
But broke his heart with love-longing,
Ah, well-a-day ! poor brain.

He scorned to weep, he scorned to sigh,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
But like a true knight he could die, —
Ah, well-a-day ! life's vain.

The banner which that brave knight bore,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
Had scrolled on it "**Faith Ebermore.**"
Ah, well-a-day ! again.

That banner led the Christian van,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
Against Seljuck and Turcomon,
Ah ! well-a-day ! bright train.

The fight was o'er, the day was done,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
But lacking was that loyal one, —
Ah ! well-a-day ! sad pain.

They found him on the battle-field,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
With broken sword and cloven shield,
Ah ! well-a-day ! in twain.

They found him pillowed on the dead,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
The blood-soaked sod his bridal bed,
Ah, well-a-day ! the Slain.

On his pale brow, and paler cheek,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
The white moonshine did fall so meek, —
Ah, well-a-day ! sad strain.

They lifted up the True and Brave,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
And bore him to his lone cold grave,
Ah, well-a-day ! in pain.

They buried him on that far strand,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
His face turned towards his love's own la
Ah, well-a-day ! how vain.

The wearied heart was laid at rest,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
To dream of her it liked best,
Ah, well-a-day ! again.

They nothing said, but many a tear,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
Rained down on that knight's lowly bier,
Ah, well-a-day ! amain.

They nothing said, but many a sigh,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
Told how they wished like him to die,
Ah ! well-a-day ! sans stain.

With solemn mass and orison,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
They reared to him a cross of stone,
Ah, well-a-day ! in pain.

And on it graved with daggers bright,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
Here lies a true and gentle Knight,
Ah, well-a-day ! Amen !

requiescat. in. pace.

THE DEMON LADY.



AGAIN in my chamber !

\ Again at my bed !

With thy smile sweet as sunshine,

And hand cold as lead !

I know thee, I know thee ! —

Nay, start not, my sweet !

These golden robes shrank up,

And showed me thy feet ;

These golden robes shrank up,

And taffety thin,

While out crept the symbols

Of Death and of Sin !

Bright, beautiful devil !

Pass, pass from me now !

For the damp dew of death

Gathers thick on my brow :

And bind up thy girdle,

Nor beauties disclose,

More dazzlingly white
Than the wreath-drifted snows :
And away with thy kisses ;
My heart waxes sick,
As thy red lips, like worms,
Travel over my cheek !

Ha ! press me no more with
That passionless hand,
'T is whiter than milk, or
The foam on the strand ;
'T is softer than down, or
The silken-leaved flower ;
But colder than ice thrills
Its touch at this hour.
Like the finger of Death
From cerements unrolled,
Thy hand on my heart falls
Dull, clammy, and cold.

Nor bend o'er my pillow, —
Thy raven black hair
O'ershadows my brow with
A deeper despair ;

These ringlets thick falling
Spread fire through my brain,
And my temples are throbbing
With madness again.
The moonlight ! the moonlight !
The deep-winding bay !
There are two on that strand,
And a ship far away !

In its silence and beauty,
Its passion and power,
Love breathed o'er the land,
Like the soul of a flower.
The billows were chiming
On pale yellow sands ;
And moonshine was gleaming
On small ivory hands.
There were bowers by the brook's brink,
And flowers bursting free ;
There were hot lips to suck forth
A lost soul from me !

Now, mountain and meadow,
Frith, forest and river,

Are mingling with shadows, —

Are lost to me ever.

The sunlight is fading,

Small birds seek their nest ;

While happy hearts, flower-like,

Sink sinless to rest,

But I ! — 't is no matter ; —

Ay, kiss cheek and chin ;

Kiss, — kiss, — thou hast won me,

Bright, beautiful Sin !

ZARA.



‘A SILVERY veil of pure moonlight
Is glancing o’er the quiet water,
And O ! ’t is beautiful and bright
As the soft smile of Selim’s daughter.

‘Sleep, moonlight ! sleep upon the wave,
And hush to rest each rising billow,
Then dwell within the mountain cave,
Where this fond breast is Zara’s pillow.

‘Shine on, thou blessed moon ! brighter still
O, shine thus ever night and morrow ;
For day-break mantling o’er the hill,
But wakes my love to fear and sorrow.’

’T was thus the Spanish youth beguiled
The rising fears of Selim’s daughter ;
And on their loves the pale moon smiled,
Unweeting of the morrow’s slaughter.

Alas ! too early rose that morn,
On harnessed knight and fierce soldada, —
Alas ! too soon the Moorish horn
And tambour rang in Old Grenada.

The dew yet bathes the dreaming flower,
The mist yet lingers in the valley,
When Selim and his Zegriss' power
From port and postern sternly sally.

Marry ! it was a gallant sight
To see the plain with armour glancing,
As on to Alpuxara's height
Proud Selim's chivalry were prancing.

The knights dismount ; on foot they climb
The rugged steeps of Alpuxara ;
In fateful and unhappy time,
Proud Selim found his long-lost Zara.

They sleep,—in sleep they smile and dream
Of happy days they ne'er shall number ;
Their lips breathe sounds,—their spirits seem
To hold communion while they slumber.

A moment gazed the stern old Moor,
A scant tear in his eye did gather,
For as he gazed, she muttered o'er
A blessing on her cruel father.

The hand that grasped the crooked blade,
Relaxed its gripe, then clutched it stronger ;
The tear that that dark eye hath shed
On the swart cheek, is seen no longer.

'Tis past ! — the bloody deed is done,
A father's hand hath sealed the slaughter !
Yet in Grenada many a one
Bewails the fate of Selim's daughter.

And many a Moorish damsel hath
Made pilgrimage to Alpuxara ;
And breathed her vows, where Selim's wrath
O'ertook the Spanish youth and Zara.

OUGLOU'S ONSLAUGHT.

A Turkish Battle Song.



TCHASSAN Ouglou is on !
 Tchassan Ouglou is on !
 And with him to battle
 The Faithful are gone.
 Allah, il allah !
 The tambour is rung ;
 Into his war-saddle
 Each Spahi hath swung :—
 Now the blast of the desert
 Sweeps over the land,
 And the pale fires of heaven
 Gleam in each Damask brand.
 Allah, il allah !

Tchassan Ouglou is on !
 Tchassan Ouglou is on !
 Abroad on the winds, all
 His Horse-tails are thrown.

'Tis the rush of the eagle
Down cleaving through air, —
'Tis the bound of the lion
When roused from his lair.
Ha ! fiercer and wilder
And madder by far, —
On thunders the might
Of the Moslemite war.
Allah, il allah !

Forth lash their wild horses,
With loose-flowing rein ;
The steel grides their flank,
Their hoof scarce dints the plain.
Like the mad stars of heaven,
Now the Delis rush out ;
O'er the thunder of cannon
Swells proudly their shout, —
And sheeted with foam,
Like the surge of the sea,
Over wreck, death, and woe, rolls
Each fierce Osmanli.
Allah, il allah !

Fast forward, still forward,
 Man follows on man,
 While the Horse-tails are dashing
 Afar in the van ; —
 See where yon pale crescent
 And green turban shine,
 There smite for the Prophet,
 And Othman's great line !

Allah, il allah !

The fierce war-cry is given, —
 For the flesh of the Giaour
 Shriek the vultures of heaven.

Allah, il allah !

Allah, il allah !
 How thick on the plain,
 The infidels cluster
 Like ripe, heavy grain,
 The reaper is coming,
 The crooked sickle's bare,
 And the shout of the Faithful
 Is rending the air.
 Bismillah ! Bismillah !
 Each far-flashing brand

Hath piled its red harvest
Of death on the land !
Allah, il allah !

Mark, mark yon green turban
That heaves through the fight,
Like a tempest-tost bark
'Mid the thunders of night ;
See parting before it,
On right and on left,
How the dark billows tumble, —
Each saucy crest cleft !
Ay, horseman and footman
Reel back in dismay,
When the sword of stern Ouglou
Is lifted to slay.
Allah, il allah !

Allah, il allah !
Tchassan Ouglou is on !
O'er the Infidel breast
Hath his fiery barb gone :
The bullets rain on him,
They fall thick as hail ;

The lances crash round him
Like reeds in the gale, —
But onward, still onward.
For God and his law,
Through the dark strife of Death
Bursts the gallant Pacha.
Allah, il allah !

In the wake of his might, —
In the path of the wind,
Pour the sons of the Faithful,
Careering behind ;
And bending to battle
O'er each high saddle-bow,
With the sword of Azrael,
They sweep down the foe.
Allah, il allah !
'T is Ouglou that cries, —
In the breath of his nostril
The Infidel dies !
Allah, il allah !

ELFINLAND WUD.

An Imitation of the Ancient Scottish Romantic Ballad.



ERL WILLIAM has muntit his gude grai stede,
 (Merrie lemis munelicht on the sea,)
 And graithit him in ane cumli weid.
 (Swa bonnilie blumis the hawthorn tree.)

Erl William rade, Erl William ran, —
 (Fast they ryde quha luve trewlie,)
 Quhyll the Elfinland wud that gude Erl wan —
 (Blink ower the burn, sweit may, to mee.)

Elfinland wud is dern and dreir,
 (Merrie is the grai gowkis sang,)
 Bot ilk ane leafis quhyt as silver cleir,
 (Licht makis schoirt the road swa lang.)

It is undirneth ane braid aik tree,
 (Hey and a lo, as the leavis grow grein,)
 Thair is kythit ane bricht ladie,
 (Manie flouris blume quhilk ar nocht seen.)

Around hir slepis the quhyte muneschyne,
(Meik is mayden undir kell,)
Hir lips bin lyke the blude reid wyne;
(The rois of flouris hes sweitest smell.)

It was al bricht quhare that ladie stude,
(Far my luve, fure ower the sea.)
Bot dern is the lave of Elfinland wud,
(The knicht pruvit false that ance luvit me.)

The ladie's handis were quhyte als milk,
(Ringis my luve wore mair nor ane.)
Hir skin was safter nor the silk;
(Lilly bricht schinis my luvis halse bane.)

Save you, save you, fayr ladie.
(Gentil hert schawis gentil deed.)
Standand alane undir this auld tree;
(Deir till knicht is nobil steid.)

Burdalane, if ye dwall here,
(My hert is layed upon this land.)
I wud like to live your fere;
(The schippis cum sailin to the strand.)

Nevir ane word that ladie sayd ;
 (Schortest rede hes least to mend.)
Bot on hir harp she evir played ;
 ('Thare nevir was mirth that had nocht end.

Gang ye eist, or fare ye wast,
 (Ilka stern blinkis blythe for thee,)
Or tak ye the road that ye like best,
 (Al trew feeris ryde in cumpanie.)

Erl William loutit doun full lowe ;
 (Luvis first seid bin courtesie.)
And swung hir owir his saddil bow,
 (Ryde quha listis, ye 'll link with mee.)

Scho flang her harp on that auld tree,
 (The wynd pruvis aye ane harpir gude.)
And it gave out its music free ;
 (Birdis sing blythe in gay green wud.)

The harp playde on its leeful lane,
 (Land is my luvis yellow hair.)
Quhill it has charmit stock and stane,
 (Furth by firth, deir lady fare.)

Quhan scho was muntit him behynd,
 (Blyth be hertis quhilkis luvie ilk uther.)
Awa thai flew lyke flaucht of wind;
 (Kin kens kin, and bairnis thair mither.)

Nevir ane word that ladie spak;
 (Mim be maydens men besyde.)
Bot that stout steid did nicher and schaik;
 (Smal things humbil hertis of pryde.)

About his breist scho plet her handis;
 (Luvand be maydins quhan thai lyke.)
Bot thay were cauld as yron bandis.
 (The winter bauld bindis sheuch and syke.)

Your handis ar cauld, fayr ladie, sayd hee,
 (The caulder hand the trewer hairt.)
I trembil als the lief on the tree;
 (Licht caussis muve ald friendis to pairt.)

Lap your mantil owir your heid,
 (My luvie was clad in the reid scarlett,)
And spredd your kirtil owir my stede;
 (Thair nevir was joie that had nae lett.)

The ladie scho wald nocht dispute ;
 (Nocht woman is scho that laikis ane tung.)
But caulder hir fingeris about him cruik.
 (Sum sangis ar writt, bot nevir sung.)

This Elfinland wud will neir haif end ;
 (Hunt quha listis, daylight for mee,)
I wuld I culd ane strang bow bend,
 (Al undirneth the grene wud tree.)

Thai rade up, and they rade down,
 (Wearilie wearis wan nicht away.)
Erl William's heart mair cauld is grown ;
 (Hey, luve mine, quhan dawis the day ?)

Your hand lies cauld on my briest-bane,
 (Smal hand hes my ladie fair,)
My horss he can nocht stand his lane,
 (For cauldness of this midnicht air.)

Erl William turnit his heid about ;
 (The braid mune schinis in lift richt cleir.)
Twa Elfin een are glentin owt,
 (My luvis een like twa sternis appere.)

Twa brennand eyne, sua bricht and full,
 (Bonnilie blinkis my ladeis ee,)
Flang fire flauchtis fra ane peelit skull;
 (Sum sights ar ugsomlyk to see.)

Twa rawis of quhyt teeth then did say,
 (Cauld the boysteous windis sal blaw,)
O, lang and weary is our way,
 (And donkir yet the dew maun fa'.)

Far owir mure, and far owir fell,
 (Hark the sounding huntsmen thrang;)
Thorow dingle, and thorow dell,
 (Luve, come, list the merlis sang'.)

Thorow fire, and thorow flude,
 (Mudy mindis rage lyk a sea;)
Thorow slauchtir, thorow blude,
 (A seamless shrowd weird schaipis for me!)

And to rede aricht my spell,
 Eerilie sal nicht wyndis moan,
Quhill fleand Hevin and raikand Hell,
 Ghaist with ghaist maun wandir on.

MIDNIGHT AND MOONSHINE.



ALL earth below, all heaven above,
In this calm hour, are filled with Love ;
All sights, all sounds have throbbing hearts
In which its blessed fountain starts,
And gushes forth so fresh and free,
Like a soul-thrilling melody.

Look ! look ! the land is sheathed in light,
And mark the winding stream.
How, creeping round yon distant height,
Its rippling waters gleam.
Its waters flash through leaf and flower, —
O ! merrily they go ;
Like living things, their voices pour
Dim music as they flow.
Sinless and pure they seek the sea,
As souls pant for eternity ; —
Heaven speed their bright course till they sl
In the broad bosom of the deep.

High in mid air, on seraph wing,
The pale moon is journeying

In stillest path of stainless blue ;
Keen, curious stars are peering through.
Heaven's arch this hour ; they dote on her
With perfect love ; nor can she stir
Within her vaulted halls a pace,
Ere rushing out with joyous face,
 These Godkins of the sky
Smile, as she glides in loveliness ;
 While every heart beats high
With passion, and breaks forth to bless
 Her loftier divinity.

It is a smile worth worlds to win, —
So full of love, so void of sin,
The smile she sheds on these tall trees,
Stout children of past centuries.
Each little leaf with feathery light,
 Is margined marvellously ;
Moveless all droop, in slumberous quiet ;
 How beautiful they be !
And blissful as soft infants lulled
 Upon a mother's knee.

Far down yon dell the melody
Of a small brook is audible ;

The shadow of a thread-like tone, —
It murmurs over root and stone,
Yet sings of very love its fill ; —
And hark ! even now, how sweetly shrill
It trolls its fairy glee,
Skywards unto that pure bright one ;
O ! gentle heart hath she,
For, leaning down to earth, with pleasure,
She lists its fond and prattling measure.

It is indeed a silent night
Of peace, of joy, and purest light ; —
No angry breeze in surly tone,
Chides the old forest till it moan ;
Or breaks the dreaming of the owl,
That, warder-like, on yon gray tower,
Feedeth his melancholy soul
With visions of departed power ;
And o'er the ruins Time hath sped,
Nods sadly with his spectral head.

And lo ! even like a giant wight
Slumbering his battle toils away,
The sleep-locked city, gleaming bright
With many a dazzling ray,

Lies stretched in vastness at my feet ;
Voiceless the chamber and the street,

And echoless the hall ; —

Had Death uplift his bony hand
And smote all living on the land,

No deeper quiet could fall.

In this religious calm of night,
Behold, with finger tall and bright,
Each tapering spire points to the sky,
In a fond, holy ecstasy ; —

Strange monuments they be of mind, —
Of feelings dim and undefined,
Shaping themselves, yet not the less,
In forms of passing loveliness.

O God ! this is a holy hour : —

Thy breath is o'er the land ;

I feel it in each little flower

Around me where I stand, —

In all the moonshine scattered fair,
Above, below me, everywhere, —

In every dew-bead glistening sheen,

In every leaf and blade of green, —

And in this silence grand and deep,

Wherein thy blessed creatures sleep.

The trees send forth their shadows long
In gambols o'er the earth,
To chase each other's innocence
In quiet, holy mirth;
O'er the glad meadows fast they throng,
Shapes multiform and tall;
And lo ! for them the chaste moonbeam,
With broadest light doth fall.
Mad phantoms all, they onward glide, —
On swiftest wind they seem to ride
O'er meadow, mount and stream :
And now, with soft and silent pace,
They walk as in a dream,
While each bright earth-flower hides its face
Of blushes, in their dim embrace.

Men say, that in this midnight hour,
The disembodied have power
To wander as it liketh them,
By wizard oak and fairy stream, —
Through still and solemn places,
And by old walls and tombs, to dream,
With pale, cold, mournful faces.
I fear them not ; for they must be
Spirits of kindest sympathy,

Who choose such haunts, and joy to feel
The beauties of this calm night steal
Like music o'er them, while they wooed
The luxury of Solitude.

Welcome, ye gentle spirits ; then,
Who love and feel for earth-chained men, —
Who, in this hour, delight to dwell
By moss-clad oak and dripping cell, —
Who joy to haunt each age-dimmed spot,
Which ruder natures have forgot ;
And, in majestic solitude,
Feel every pulse-stroke thrill of good
To all around, below, above ; —
Ye are the co-mates whom I love !
While, lingering in this moonshine glade,
I dream of hopes that cannot fade ;
And pour abroad those phantasies
That spring from holiest sympathies
With Nature's moods in this glad hour
Of silence, moonshine, beauty, power,
When the busy stir of man is gone,
And the soul is left with its God alone !

THE WATER! THE WATER!



✓ THE Water ! the Water !

The joyous brook for me,
That tuneth through the quiet night,
Its ever-living glee.

The Water ! the Water !

That sleepless merry heart,
Which gurgles on unstintedly,
And loveth to impart
To all around it some small measure
Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The Water ! the Water !

The gentle stream for me,
That gushes from the old gray stone,
Beside the alder tree.

The Water ! the Water !

That ever-bubbling spring
I loved and looked on while a child,
In deepest wondering, —
And asked it whence it came and went,
And when its treasures would be spent.

The Water ! the Water !

The merry, wanton brook,
That bent itself to pleasure me,
Like mine old shepherd crook.

The Water ! the Water !

That sang so sweet at noon,
And sweeter still all night, to win
Smiles from the pale proud moon,
And from the little fairy faces
That gleam in heaven's remotest places.

The Water ! the Water !

The dear and blessed thing,
That all day fed the little flowers
On its banks blossoming.

The Water ! the Water !

That murmured in my ear,
Hymns of a saint-like purity,
That angels well might hear ;
And whisper in the gates of heaven,
How meek a pilgrim had been shriven.

The Water ! the Water !

Where I have shed salt tears,

THE WATER ! THE WATER !

In loneliness and friendliness,
A thing of tender years.

The Water ! the Water !

Where I have happy been,
And showered upon its bosom flowers
Culled from each meadow green,
And idly hoped my life would be
So crowned by love's idolatry.

The Water ! the Water !

My heart yet burns to think
How cool thy fountain sparkled forth,
For parched lip to drink.

The Water ! the Water !

Of mine own native glen ;
The gladsome tongue I oft have heard,
But ne'er shall hear again ;
Though fancy fills my ear for aye
With sounds that live so far away !

The Water ! the Water !

The mild and glassy wave,
Upon whose broomy banks I've longed
To find my silent grave.

The Water ! the Water !

O blessed to me thou art ;
Thus sounding in life's solitude,
The music of my heart,
And filling it, despite of sadness,
With dreamings of departed gladness.

The Water ! the Water !

The mournful pensive tone,
That whispered to my heart how soon
This weary life was done.

The Water ! the Water !

That rolled so bright and free,
And bade me mark how beautiful
Was its soul's purity ;
And how it glanced to heaven its wave,
As wandering on it sought its grave.

THREE FANCIFUL SUPPOSES.



WERE I a breath of viewless wind,
As very spirits be,
Where would I joy at length to find
I was no longer free?
O, Margaret's cheek,
Whose blushes speak
Love's purest sympathies,
Would be the site,
Where, gleaming bright,
My prison-dome should rise:
I'd live upon that rosy shore,
And fan it with soft sighs,
Nor other paradise explore
Beneath the skies.

WERE I a pranksome Elfin knight,
Or eke the Faerye king,
Who when the moonshine glimmers bright
Loves to be wandering;
Where would I ride,

In all the pride
Of Elfin chivalry,
With each sweet sound
Far floating round,
Of Faerye minstrelsy ? —
'Tis o'er her neck of drifted snow,
Her passion-breathing lip,
Her dainty chin and noble brow,
That I would trip.

Were I a glossy plumaged bird,
A small glad voice of song,
Where would my love-lays aye be heard,—
Where would I nestle long ? —
In Margaret's ear
When none were near,
I'd strain my little throat,
To sing fond lays
In Margaret's praise,
That could not be forgot ;
Then on her bosom would I fall,
And from it never part, —
Dizzy with joy, and proud to call
My home her heart !

A CAVEAT TO THE WIND.



SING high, sing low, thou moody wind,
It skills not, — for thy glee
Is ever of a fellow-kind
With mine own fantasy.
Go, sadly moan or madly blow
In fetterless free will,
Wild spirit of the clouds ! but know
I ride thy comrade still :
Loving thy humors, I can be
Sad, wayward, wild, or mad, like thee.

Go, and with light and noiseless wing,
Fan yonder murmuring stream, —
Brood o'er it, as the sainted thing,
The spirit of its dream :
Give to its voice a sweeter tone
Of calm and heartfelt gladness ;

Or, to those old trees, woe-begone,
Add moan of deeper sadness, —
It likes me still ; for I can be
All sympathy of heart, like thee.

Rush forth, in maddest wrath, to rouse
The billows of the deep ;
And in the blustering storm, carouse
With fiends that never weep.
Go, tear each fluttering rag away,
Outshriek the mariner,
And hoarsely knell the mermaid's lay
Of death and shipwreck drear ; —
What reck I, since I still dare be
Harsh, fierce, and pitiless, like thee ?

I love thy storm-shout on the land,
Thy storm-shout on the sea ;
Though shapes of death rise on each hand,
Dismay troops not with me,
With iron-cheek, that never showed
The channel of a tear,
With haughty heart, that never bowed
Beneath a dastard fear.

I rush with thee o'er land and sea,
Rejoicing in thy thundering glee.

Lovest thou those cloisters, old and dim,
Where ghosts at midnight stray,
To pour abroad unearthly hymn,
And fright the stars away ?
Add to their sighs thy hollow tone
Of saddest melancholy, —
For I, too, love such places lone,
And court such guests unjolly :
Such haunts, such mates, in sooth, to me
Be welcome as they are to thee.

Blow as thou wilt, blow anywhere,
Wild spirit of the sky,
It matters not, — earth, ocean, air,
Still echoes to my cry,
'I follow thee;' for, where thou art,
My spirit, too, must be,
While each chord of this wayward heart,
Thrills to thy minstrelsy ;
And, he that feels so, sure must be
Meet co-mate for a shrew like thee !

WHAT IS GLORY? WHAT IS FAME?



WHAT is Glory? What is Fame?
 The echo of a long lost name;
 A breath, an idle hour's brief talk;
 The shadow of an arrant nought;
 A flower that blossoms for a day,
 Dying next morrow;
 A stream that hurries on its way,
 Singing of sorrow; —
 The last drop of a bootless shower,
 Shed on a sere and leafless bower;
 A rose, stuck in a dead-man's breast, —
 This is the World's fame at the best!

What is Fame? and what is Glory?
 A dream, — a jester's lying story,
 To tickle fools withal, or be
 A theme for second infancy;
 A joke scrawled on an epitaph;
 A grin at Death's own ghastly laugh;

A visioning that tempts the eye,
But mocks the touch, — nonentity ;
A rainbow, substanceless as bright,
 Flitting for ever
O'er hill-top to more distant height,
 Nearing us never ;
A bubble blown by fond conceit,
In very sooth itself to cheat ;
The witch-fire of a frenzied brain ;
A fortune that to lose were gain ;
A word of praise, perchance of blame ;
The wreck of a time-bandied name, —
Ay, This is glory ! — this is Fame !

THE SOLEMN SONG OF A RIGHTEOUS HEARTE.

After the fashion of an early English Poet.



THERE is a mighty Noyse of Bells
 Rushing from the turret free ;
 A solemne tale of Truthe it tells,
 O'er Land and Sea,
 How heartes be breaking fast, and then
 Wax whole againe.

Poor fluttering Soule ! why tremble soe,
 To quitt Lyfe's fast decaying Tree ;
 Time wormes its core, and it must bowe
 To Fate's decree ;
 Its last branch breakes, but Thou must soare,
 For Evermore.

Noe more thy wing shal touch grosse Earth ;
 Far under shal its shadows flee,

And al its sounds of Woe or Mirth
Growe strange to thee.
Thou wilt not mingle in its noyse,
Nor court its Joies.

Fond One! why cling thus unto Life,
As if its gaudes were meet for thee;
Surely its Follie, Bloodshed, Stryfe,
Liked never thee?
This World growes madder each newe daie,
Vice beares such sway.

Couldst thou in Slavish artes excel,
And crawle upon the supple knee, —
Couldst thou each Woe-worn wretch repel, —
This Worldes for Thee.
Not in this Spheare Man ownes a Brother:
Then seek another.

Couldst thou bewraie thy Birthright soe
As flatter Guilt's prosperitye,
And laude Oppressiounes iron blowe, —
This Worldes for Thee.
Sithence to this thou wilt not bend,
Life's at an end.

Couldst thou spurn Vertue meanly clad,
As if 't were spotted Infamy,
And prayse as Good what is most Bad, —
This Worlde for Thee.
Sithence thou canst not will it soe,
Poor Flutterer goe !

If Head with Hearte could so accord,
In bond of perfyte Amitie,
That Falshood raigned in Thoughte, Deed, Word,—
This Worlde for Thee.
But scorning guile, Truth-plighted one !
Thy race is run.

Couldst thou laughe loude, when grieved hearts
weep,
And Fiendlyke probe their Agonye,
Rich harvest here thou soon wouldst reape, —
This Worlde for Thee ;
But with the Weeper thou must weepe,
And sad watch keep.

Couldst thou smyle swete when Wrong hath wrung
The withers of the Poore but Prowde,
And by the rootes pluck out the tongue
That dare be lowde

In Righteous cause, whate'er may be, —
This Worlde for Thee.

This canst thou not! Then, fluttering thing,
Unstained in thy puritie,
Sweep towards heaven with tireless wing, —
Meet Home for Thee.
Feare not, the crashing of Lyfe's Tree, —
God's Love guides Thee.

And thus it is: — these solemn bells,
Swinging in the turret free,
And tolling forth their sad farewells,
O'er Land and Sea,
Telle how Hearts breake, full fast, and then
Growe whole againe.

MELANCHOLYE.



* ADIEU ! al vaine delighes
 Of calm and moonshine nightes ;
 Adieu ! al pleasant shade
 That forests thicke have made ;
 Adieu ! al musick swete
 That little fountaynes poure,
 When blythe their waters greete
 The lovesick lyly-flowre.

Adieu ! the fragrant smel
 Of flowres in boskye dell ;
 And all the merrie notes
 That tril from smal birdes' throates ;
 Adieu ! the gladsome lighte
 Of Day, Morne, Noone, or E'en ;
 And welcome gloomy Nighte,
 When not one star is seene.

Adieu ! the deafening noyse
 Of cities, and the joyes

Of Fashioun's sicklie birth ;
Adieu ! al boysterous mirthe,
Al pageant, pompe, and state,
And every flauntynge thing
'To which the would-be-great
Of earth in madness cling.

Come with me, Melancholye,
We'll live like eremites holie,
In some deepe uncouth wild
Where sunbeame never smylde :
Come with me, pale of hue,
To some lone silent spot,
Where blossom never grewe,
Which man hath quyte forgot.

Come, with thy thought-filled eye,
That notes no passer by,
And drouping solemne heade,
Where phansyes strange are bred,
And saddening thoughts doe brood,
Which idly strive to borrow
A smyle to vaile thy moode
Of heart-abyding sorrow.

Come to yon blasted mound
Of phantom-haunted ground,
Where spirits love to be ;
And liste the moody glee
Of nighte-windes as they moane,
And the ocean's sad replie
To the wild unhallowed tone
Of the wandering sea-bird's cry.

There sit with me and keep
Vigil when al doe sleepe ;
And when the curfeu bell
Hath rung its mournfull knel,
Let us together blend
Our mutual sighes and teares,
Or chaunt some metre penned,
Of the joies of other yeares.

Or in cavern hoare and damp,
Lit by the glow-worm's lampe,
We'll muse on the dull theme
Of Life's heart-sickening dreame, —
Of Time's resistlesse powre, —
Of Hope's deceitful lips, —

Of Beauty's short-livde houre, —
And Glory's dark eclipse !

Or, wouldst thou rather chuse
This World's leaf to peruse,
Beneath some dripping vault
That scornes rude Time's assaulte ;
Whose close-ribbed arches still
 Frown in their green old age,
And stamp an awefull chill
 Upon that pregnant page ?

Yes, thither let us turne,
To this Time-shattered urne,
And quaintly carved stone, —
Dim wrackes of ages gone ;
Here, on this mouldering tomb
 We'll con that noblest truth,
The Flesh and Spirit's doome, —
 Dust and Immortall Youthe.

I AM NOT SAD.



I AM not sad, though sadness seem
At times to cloud my brow ;
I cherished once a foolish dream, —
Thank Heaven 't is not so now.
Truth's sunshine broke,
And I awoke
To feel 't was right to bow
To Fate's decree, and this my doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

I grieve not, though a tear may fill
This glazed and vacant eye ;
Old thoughts will rise, do what we will,
But soon again they die ;
An idle gush,
And all is hush,
The fount is soon run dry :
And cheerly now I meet my doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

I am not mad, although I see
Things of no better mould
Than I myself am, greedily
In Fame's bright page enrolled,
That they may tell
The story well,
What shines may not be gold.
No, no ! content I court my doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

The luck is theirs, — the loss is mine,
And yet no loss at all ;
The mighty ones of eldest time,
I ask where they did fall ?
Tell me the one
Who e'er could shun
Touch with Oblivion's pall ?
All bear with me an equal doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

Brave temple and huge pyramid,
Hill sepulchred by art,
The barrow acre-vast where hid
Moulders some Nimrod's heart ;

Each monstrous birth
Cumbers old earth,
But acts a voiceless part,
Resolving all to mine own doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

Tradition with her palsied hand,
And purblind History, may
Grove and guess well that in this land
Some great one lived his day ;
And what is this,
Blind hit or miss,
But labor thrown away,
For counterparts to mine own doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

I do not peak and pine away,
Lo ! this deep bowl I quaff ;
If sigh I do, you still must say
It sounds more like a laugh.
'T is not too late
To separate
The good seed from the chaff ;
And scoff at those who scorn my doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

I spend no sigh, I shed no tear,
Though life's first dream is gone ;
And its bright picturings now appear
Cold images of stone ;
I've learned to see
The vanity
Of lusting to be known,
And gladly hail my changeless doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb !

THE JOYS OF THE WILDERNESS.



I HAVE a wish, and it is this, that in some uncouth
glen,
It were my lot to find a spot unknown by selfish men ;
Where I might be securely free, like Eremite of old,
From Worldly guile, from Woman's wile, and Friend-
ships brief and cold ;
And where I might, with stern delight, enjoy the
varied form
Of Nature's mood, in every rude burst of the thun-
dering storm.

Then would my life, lacking fierce strife, glide on in
dreamy gladness,
Nor would I know the cark and woe which come of
this world's madness ;
While in a row, like some poor show, its pageantries
would pass,
Without a sigh, before mine eye, as shadows o'er a
glass :

Nonentity these shadows be, — and yet, good La
how brave
That knavish rout doth strut and flout, then sh
into the grave !

The Wilderness breathes gentleness ; — these wa
bubbling free,
The gallant breeze that stirs the trees, form Heav
own melody ;
The far-stretched sky, with its bright eye, pours f
a tide of love
On every thing that here doth spring, on all
glows above.
But live with man, — his dark heart scan, — its pa
selfishness
Will show to thee, why men like me, love the
Wilderness !

A SOLEMN CONCEIT.



STATELY trees are growing,
Lusty winds are blowing,
And mighty rivers flowing
 On, for ever on.
As stately forms were growing,
As lusty spirits blowing,
And as mighty fancies flowing
 On, for ever on ; —
But there has been leave-taking,
Sorrow and heart-breaking,
And a moan, pale Echo's making,
 For the gone, for ever gone !

Lovely stars are gleaming,
Bearded lights are streaming,
And glorious suns are beaming
 On, for ever on.
As lovely eyes were gleaming,
As wondrous lights were streaming,

And as glorious minds were beaming
On, for ever on ; —
But there has been soul-sundering,
Wailing, and sad wondering ;
For graves grow fat with plundering
The gone, for ever gone !

We see great eagles soaring,
We hear deep oceans roaring,
And sparkling fountains pouring
On, for ever on.
As lofty minds were soaring,
As sonorous voices roaring,
And as sparkling wits were pouring
On, for ever on ; —
But, pinions have been shedding,
And voiceless darkness spreading,
Since a measure Death 's been treading
O'er the gone, for ever gone !

Every thing is sundering,
Every one is wondering,
And this huge globe goes thundering
On, for ever on ;

But, 'mid this weary sundering,
Heart-breaking, and sad wondering,
And this huge globe's rude thundering
 On, for ever on,
I would that I were dreaming
Where little flowers are gleaming,
And the long green grass is streaming
 O'er the gone, for ever gone !

THE EXPATRIATED.



No bird is singing
In cloud or on tree,
No eye is beaming
Glad welcome to me;
The forest is tuneless;
Its brown leaves fast fall —
Changed and withered, they fleet
Like hollow friends all.

No door is thrown open,
No banquet is spread;
No hand smooths the pillow
For the Wanderer's head;
But the eye of distrust
Sternly measures his way,
And glad are the cold lips
That wish him — good day!

Good day! — I am grateful
For such gentle prayer,

Though scant be the cost
Of that morsel of air.
Will it clothe, will it feed me,
Or rest my worn frame ?
Good day ! wholesome diet,
A proud heart to tame.

Now the sun dusks his glories
Below the blue sea,
And no star its splendor
Deems worthy of me ;
The path I must travel,
Grows dark as my fate,
And nature, like man, can
Wax savage in hate.

My country ! my country !
Though step-dame thou be,
Yet my heart, in its anguish,
Cleaves fondly to thee ;
Still in fancy it lingers
By mountain and stream,
And thy name is the spirit
That rules its wild dream.

This heart loved thee truly, —
And, O ! it bled free,
When it led on to glory
Thy proud chivalry ;
And, O ! it gained much from
Thy prodigal hand, —
The freedom to break in
The stranger's cold land !

FACTS FROM FAIRYLAND.



'O then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you !'



WOULDST thou know of me
 Where our dwellings be ?
 'T is under this hill,
 Where the moonbeam chill
 Silvers the leaf and brightens the blade, —
 'T is under this mound
 Of greenest ground,
 That our crystal palaces are made.

Wouldst thou know of me
 What our food may be ?
 'T is the sweetest breath
 Which the bright flower hath,
 That blossoms in wilderness afar, —
 And we sip it up,
 In a harebell cup,
 By the winking light of the tweering star.

Wouldst thou know of me
What our drink may be ?
'T is the freshest dew,
And the clearest, too,
That ever hung on leaf or flower ;
And merry we skink
That wholesome drink,
Thorough the quiet of the midnight hour.

Wouldst thou know of me
What our pastimes be ?
'T is the hunt and halloo,
The dim greenwood through ;
O, bravely we prance it with hound and horn,
O'er moor and fell,
And hollow dell,
Till the notes of our Woodcraft wake the morn.

Wouldst thou know of me
What our garments be ?
'T is the viewless thread,
Which the gossamers spread
As they float in the cool of a summer eve bright,

And the down of the rose,
Form doublet and hose
For our Squires of Dames on each festal night.

Wouldst thou know of me
When our revelries be ?
'T is in the still night,
When the moonshine white
Glitters in glory o'er land and sea,
That, with nimble foot,
To tabor and flute,
We whirl with our loves round yon glad old tree.

CERTAIN PLEASANT VERSES TO THE LADY OF
MY HEART.

THE murmur of the merry brook,
As gushingly and free
It wimples with its sun-bright look,
Far down yon sheltered lea,
Humming to every drowsy flower
A low, quaint lullaby,
Speaks to my spirit, at this hour,
Of Love and thee.

The music of the gay green wood,
When every leaf and tree
Is coaxed by winds of gentlest mood,
To utter harmony ;
And the small birds that answer make
To the wind's fitful glee,
In me most blissful visions wake,
Of Love and thee.

The rose perks up its blushing cheek,
So soon as it can see

Along the eastern hills one streak
Of the Sun's majesty :
Laden with dewy gems, it gleams
A precious freight to me,
For each pure drop thereon me seems
A type of thee.

And when, abroad in summer morn,
I hear the blythe bold bee
Winding aloft his tiny horn,
(An errant knight perdy,)
That winged hunter of rare sweets
O'er many a far country,
To me a lay of love repeats,
Its subject — thee.

And when, in midnight hour, I note
The stars so pensively,
In their mild beauty, onward float
Through heaven's own silent sea ;
My heart is in their voyaging
To realms where spirits be,
But its mate, in such wandering,
Is ever thee !

But O, the murmur of the brook,
The music of the tree ;
The rose with its sweet shamefaced look,
The booming of the bee ;
The course of each bright voyager
In heaven's unmeasured sea,
Would not one heart-pulse of me stir,
Loved I not thee !

BENEATH A PLACID BROW.



BENEATH a placid brow
And tear-unstained cheek,
To bear as I do now
A heart that well could break;
To simulate a smile
Amid the wrecks of grief, —
To herd among the vile,
And therein seek relief, —
For the bitterness of thought
Were joyance dearly bought.

When will man learn to bear
His heart nailed on his breast,
With all its lines of care
In nakedness confessed? —
Why, in this solemn mask
Of passion-wasted life,
Will no one dare the task,
To speak his sorrows rife? —
Will no one bravely tell,
His bosom is a hell?

I scorn this hated scene
Of masking and disguise,
Where men on men still gleam,
With falseness in their eyes ;
Where all is counterfeit,
And truth hath never say ;
Where hearts themselves do cheat,
Concealing hope's decay.
And writhing at the stake,
Themselves do liars make.

Go, search thy heart, poor fool !
And mark its passions well ;
'T were time to go to school, —
'T were time the truth to tell, —
'T were time this world should cast
Its infant slough away,
And hearts burst forth at last
Into the light of day ; —
'T were time all learned to be
Fit for Eternity !

THE COVENANTERS' BATTLE CHANT.

To BATTLE ! to battle !
To slaughter and strife !
For a sad, broken Covenant
We barter poor life.
The great God of Judah
Shall smite with our hand,
And break down the idols
That cumber the land.

Uplift every voice
In prayer, and in song ;
Remember the battle
Is not to the strong ; —
Lo, the Ammonites thicken !
And onward they come,
To the vain noise of trumpet,
Of cymbal, and drum.

They haste to the onslaught,
With hagbut and spear ;

They lust for a banquet
That's deathful and dear.
Now, horseman and footman,
Sweep down the hill side :
They come, like fierce Pharaohs,
To die in their pride !

See, long plume and pennon
Stream gay in the air ;
They are given us for slaughter, —
Shall God's people spare ?
Nay, nay ; lop them off, —
Friend, father, and son ;
All earth is athirst till
The good work be done.

Brace tight every buckler,
And lift high the sword !
For biting must blades be
That fight for the Lord.
Remember, remember,
How Saints' blood was shed,
As free as the rain, and
Homes desolate made !

Among them! — among them!
Unburied bones cry;
Avenge us, — or, like us,
Faith's true martyrs die.
Hew, hew down the spoilers!
Slay on, and spare none:
Then shout forth in gladness,
Heaven's battle is won!

TIM THE TACKET.

A Lyrical Ballad, supposed to be written by W. W.

A BARK is lying on the sands,
No rippling wave is sparkling near her;
She seems unmanned of all her hands, —
There's not a soul on board to steer her!

'Tis strange to see a ship-shape thing
Upon a lonely beach thus lying,
While mystic winds for ever sing
Among its shrouds like spirits sighing.

O, can it be a spectre-ship,
Forwearied of the storm and ocean,
That here hath ended its last trip,
And sought repose from ceaseless motion?

I deem amiss: for yonder, see,
A sailor struts in dark-blue jacket, —
A little man with face of glee, —
His neighbors call him Tim the Tacket.

I know him well ; the master he
Of a small bark, — an Irish coaster ;
His heart is like the ocean, free,
And like the breeze his tongue 's a boaster.

He is a father, too, I 'm told,
Of children ten, and some say twenty ;
But it 's no matter, he 's grown old,
And, ten or more, he has got plenty !

List ! now he sings a burly stave
Of waves and winds and shipwrecks many,
Of flying fish and dolphins brave,
Of mermaids lovely but uncanny.

Right oft, I ween, he joys to speak
Of slim maids in the green waves dancing,
Or singing in some lonesome creek,
While kembing locks like sunbeams glancing.

O, he hath tales of wondrous things
Spied in the vast and gousty ocean ;
Of monstrous fish, whose giant springs
Give to the seas their rocking motion ;

And serpents huge whose rings embrace
Some round leagues of the great Pacific;
And men of central Ind, sans face,
But not on that head less terrific!

Lo! he hath lit a brown cigar,
A special, smooth-skinned, real Havannah;
And swirling smoke he puffs afar, —
'T is sweet to him as desert manna!

Away, away the reek doth go,
In wiry thread or heavy volume;
Now black, now blue, gold, gray, or snow
In color, and in height a column!

His little eyes, deep-set, and hedged
All round and round with bristles hoary,
Do twinkle like a hawk's new-fledged, —
Sure he hath dreams of marvellous glory!

Well, I would rather be that wight,
Contented, puffing, midst his tackling,
Than star-gemmed lord or gartered knight,
In masquerade or senate cackling.

He suns his limbs upon the deck,
He hears the music of the ocean;
He lives not on another's beck,
He pines not after court promotion.

He is unto himself, — he is
A little world within another;
And furthermore he knoweth this,
That all mankind to him is brother.

He sings his songs, and smokes his weed,
He spins his yarn of monstrous fables,
He cracks his biscuit, and at need
Can soundly sleep on coiled-up cables.

Although the sea be sometimes rough,
His bark is stout, its rudder steady,
At other whiles 't is calm enough,
And buxom as a gentle lady.

In sooth, too, 't is a pleasant thing,
To sail, and feel the sea-breeze blowing
About one's cheek, — O! such doth bring
Full many a free-born thought and glowing.

For who upon the deep, deep sea,
Ere dwelt and saw its great breast heaving,
But, by a kindred sympathy,
Felt his own heart its trammels leaving?

The wide and wild, the strange and grand,
Commingle with his inmost spirit;
He feels a riddance from the land, —
A boundlessness he may inherit.

Good night, thou happy, ancient man!
Farewell, thou mariner so jolly!
I pledge thee in this social can,
Thou antipode of melancholy!

THE WITCHES' JOYS.



WHEN night winds rave
O'er the fresh scooped grave,
And the dead therein that lie,
Glare upward to the sky ;
When gibbering imps sit down,
To feast on lord or clown,
And tear the shroud away
From their lithe and pallid prey ;
Then clustering close, how grim
They munch each withered limb !
Or quarrel for dainty rare,
The lip of lady fair, —
The tongue of high-born dame,
That never would defame,
And was of scandal free
As any mute could be !
Or suck the tintless cheek
Of maiden mild and meek ;

And when in revel rout
They kick peeled skulls about,
And shout in maddest mirth, —
These dull toys awed the earth !

O then, O then, O then,
We hurry forth amain ;
For with such eldritch cries,
Begin our revelries !

II.

When the murderer's blanched corse
Swings with a sighing hoarse
From gibbet and from chain,
As the bat sucks out his brain,
And the owlet pecks his eyes,
And the wild fox gnaws his thighs ;
While the raven croaks with glee,
Lord of the dead man's tree ;
And rocked on that green skull,
With sated look and dull,
In gloomy pride looks o'er
The waste and wildered moor,
And dreams some other day
Shall bring him fresher prey ;

When over bog and fen,
To lure wayfaring men,
Malicious spirits trail
A ground fire thin and pale,
Which the belated wight
Pursues the live-long night,
Till in the treacherous ground
An unmade grave is found. —

O then, O then, O then,

We hurry forth amain,

Ha! ha! his feeble cries

Begin our revelries.

III.

When the spirits of the North
Hurl howling tempests forth;
When seas of lightning flare,
And thunders choke the air;
When the ocean starts to life,
To madness, horror, strife,
And the goodly bark breaks up,
Like ungirded drinking cup,
And each stately mast is split
In some rude thunder-fit;

And, like feather on the foam,
Float shattered plank and boom ;
When, midst the tempest's roar,
Pale listeners on the shore
Hear the curse and shriek of men,
As they sink and rise again
On the gurdy billow's back,
And their strong broad breast-bones crack
On the iron-ribbed coast,
As back to hell they 're tossed, —
 O then, O then, O then,
 We hurry forth again !
For amid such lusty cries,
Begin our revelries.

IV.

When aged parents flee
The noble wreck to see,
And mark their sons roll in
Through foam and thundering din,
All mottled black and blue, —
Their very lips cut through
In the agony of death,
While drifting on their path ;

When gentle maidens stand
Upon the wreck-rich strand,
And every laboring wave
That doth their small feet lave,
Gives them a ghastly lover
To wring their white hands over,
And tear their spray-wet hair
In the madness of despair ;
 O then, O then, O then,
 We hurry home amain ;
For their heart-piercing cries,
Shame our wild revelries !

A SABBATH SUMMER NOON.



THE calmness of this noontide hour,
The shadow of this wood,
The fragrance of each wilding flower,
Are marvellously good;
O, here crazed spirits breathe the balm
Of nature's solitude !

It is a most delicious calm
That resteth everywhere, —
The holiness of soul-sung psalm,
Of felt but voiceless prayer !
With hearts too full to speak their bliss,
God's creatures silent are.

They silent are; but not the less,
In this most tranquil hour
Of deep unbroken dreaminess,
They own that Love and Power
Which, like the softest sunshine, rests
On every leaf and flower.

How silent are the song-filled nests
That crowd this drowsy tree, —
How mute is every feathered breast
That swelled with melody !
And yet bright bead-like eyes declare
This hour is ecstasy.

Heart forth ! as uncaged bird through air,
And mingle in the tide
Of blessed things, that, lacking care,
Now full of beauty glide
Around thee, in their angel hues
Of joy and sinless pride.

Here, on this green bank that o'er-views
The far retreating glen,
Beneath the spreading beech-tree muse,
On all within thy ken ;
For lovelier scene shall never break
On thy dimmed sight again.

Slow stealing from the tangled brake
That skirts the distant hill,
With noiseless hoof two bright fawns make

For yonder lapsing rill ;
Meek children of the forest gloom,
Drink on, and fear no ill !

And buried in the yellow broom
That crowns the neighboring height,
Couches a loutish shepherd groom,
With all his flocks in sight ;
Which dot the green braes gloriously,
With spots of living light.

It is a sight that filleth me
With meditative joy,
To mark these dumb things curiously,
Crowd round their guardian boy ;
As if they felt this Sabbath hour
Of bliss lacked all alloy.

I bend me towards the tiny flower,
That underneath this tree
Opens its little breast of sweets
In meekest modesty,
And breathes the eloquence of love
In muteness, Lord ! to thee.

There is no breath of wind to move
The flag-like leaves, that spread
Their grateful shadow far above
This turf-supported head;
All sounds are gone, — all murmurings
With living nature wed.

The babbling of the clear well-springs,
The whisperings of the trees,
And all the cheerful jargonings
Of feathered hearts at ease;
That whilome filled the vocal wood,
Have hushed their minstrelsies.

The silentness of night doth brood
O'er this bright summer noon;
And nature, in her holiest mood,
Doth all things well attune
To joy, in the religious dreams
Of green and leafy June.

Far down the glen in distance gleams
The hamlet's tapering spire,
And, glittering in meridial beams,

Its vane is tongued with fire ;
And hark how sweet its silvery bell, —
And hark the rustic choir !

The holy sounds float up the dell
To fill my ravished ear,
And now the glorious anthems swell
Of worshippers sincere, —
•Of hearts bowed in the dust, that shed
Faith's penitential tear.

Dear Lord ! thy shadow is forth spread
On all mine eye can see ;
And filled at the pure fountain head
Of deepest piety,
My heart loves all created things,
And travels home to thee.

Around me while the sunshine flings
A flood of mocky gold,
My chastened spirit once more sings,
As it was wont of old.
That lay of gratitude which burst
From young heart uncontrolled.

When in the midst of nature nursed,
Sweet influences fell
On chidly hearts that were athirst,
Like soft dews in the bell
Of tender flowers, that bowed their heads,
And breathed a fresher smell.

So, even now this hour hath sped
In rapturous thought o'er me.
Feeling myself with nature wed, —
A holy mystery, —
A part of earth, a part of heaven,
A part, great God ! of Thee.

Fast fade the cares of life's dull sweven,
They perish as the weed,
While unto me the power is given,
A moral deep to read
In every silent throe of mind
External beauties breed.

A MONODY.



I.

Hour after hour,
Day after day,
Some gentle flower
Or leaf gives way
Within the bower
Of human hearts;
Tear after tear
In anguish starts,
For, green or sere,
Some loved leaf parts
From the arbère
Of human hearts; —
The keen winds blow,
Rain, hail, and snow
Fall everywhere!
And one by one,
As life's sands run,
These loved things fare,
Till plundered hearts at last are won
To woo despair.

II.

Why linger on,
Fate's mockery here,
When each is gone,
Heart-loved, heart-dear?
Stone spells to stone
Its weary tale,
How graves were filled,
How cheeks waxed pale,
How hearts were chilled
With biting gale,
And life's strings thrilled
With sorrow's wail.
Flower follows flower
In the heart's bower,
To fleet away;
While leaf on leaf,
Sharp grief on grief, —
Night chasing day,
Tell as they fall, all joy is brief,
Life but decay.

III.

The sea-weed thrown
By wave or wind,

On strand unknown,
Lone grave to find;
Methinks may own,
Of kindred more
Than I dare claim
On life's bleak shore.
Name follows name
For evermore,
As swift waves shame
Slow waves before; —
For keen winds blow;
Rain, hail, and snow
Fall everywhere,
Till life's sad tree,
In mockery,
Skeletoned bare
Of every leaf, is left to be
Mate of despair.

IV.

The world is wide,
Is rich and fair,
Its things of pride
Flaunt everywhere;

But can it hide
 Its hollowness ?
One mighty shell
 Of bitterness,
One grand farewell
 To happiness,
One solemn knell
 To love's caress,
It seems to me.
The shipless sea
 Hath bravery more
Than this waste scene,
Where what hath been
 Beloved of yore,
In the heart's bower so fresh and green,
 Fades evermore !

v.

From all its kind,
 This wasted heart —
This moody mind
 Now drifts apart !
It longs to find
 The tideless shore,

Where rests the wreck
Of Heretofore, —
The glorious wreck
Of mental ore ;
The great heartbreak
Of loves no more.
I drift alone,
For all are gone
Dearest to me ;
And hail the wave
That to the grave
On hurrieth me :
Welcome, thrice welcome, then, thy wave,
Eternity !

THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

THEY come! the merry summer months of Beauty,
 Song, and Flowers;
 They come! the gladsome months that bring thick
 leafiness to bowers.
 Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad, fling cark and
 care aside,
 Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful wa-
 ters glide;
 Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
 Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt
 tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the
 hand,
 And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is
 sweet and bland;
 The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously,
 It stirs their blood, with kindest love, to bless and
 welcome thee:
 And mark how with thine own thin locks, — they
 now are silvery gray, —
 That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering
 ‘Be gay!’

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon
sky,
But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody :
Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread all gleam-
ing like red gold,
And hark ! with shrill pipe musical, their merry
course they hold.
God bless them all, these little ones, who far above
this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a no-
bler mirth.

But soft ! mine ear upcaught a sound, from yonder
wood it came !
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his
own glad name ; —
Yes, it is he ! the hermit bird, that apart from all
his kind,
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft west-
ern wind ;
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! he sings again, — his notes are
void of art,
But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts
of the heart.

Good Lord ! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed
wight like me,

To smell again these summer flowers beneath this
summer tree !

To suck once more in every breath their little souls
away,

And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright
summer day,

When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless
truant boy,

Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a mighty
heart of joy !

I'm sadder now, I have had cause ; but O ! I'm
proud to think

That each pure joy-fount loved of yore, I yet delight
to drink ; —

Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm
unclouded sky,

Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days
gone by.

When summer's loveliness and light fall round me
dark and cold,

I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse, — a heart that
hath waxed old !

CHANGE SWEEPETH OVER ALL.



CHANGE sweepeth over all !

In showers leaves fall
From the tall forest tree ;

On to the sea
Majestic rivers roll.

It is their goal.

Each speeds to perish in man's simple seeming, —

Each disappears :

One common end o'ertakes life's idle dreaming,
Dust, darkness, tears !

Day hurries to its close :

The sun that rose

A miracle of light,
Yieldeth to night ;

The skirt of one vast pall
O'ershadows all,

Yon firmamental cresset lights forth shining,

Heaven's highest born !

Droop on their thrones, and, like pale spirits pining,
Vanish with morn.

O'er cities of old days,
Dumb creatures graze ;
Palace and pyramid
In dust are hid ;
Yea, the sky-searching tower
Stands but its hour.
And their wide-stretched beds are ever shifting,
Sea turns to shore,
And stars and systems through dread space are drifting
To shine no more.

Names perish that erst smote
Nations remote,
With panic, fear, or wrong ;
Heroic song
Grapples with time in vain ;
On to the main
dim forgetfulness for ever rolling,
Earth's bubbles burst ;
And o'er the wreck of ages sternly tolling
The last accursed.

The world is waxing old,
Heaven dull and cold ;

Nought lacketh here a close

Save human woes.

Yet they too have an end, —

Death is man's friend :

Doomed for a while, his heart must go on bre

Day after day,

But light, love, life, — all, — all at last forsaki

Clay claspeth clay !

S O N G S.

SONGS.

O, WAE BE TO THE ORDERS.

WAE be to the orders that marched my luve awa',
I wae be to the cruel cause that gars my tears
 doun fa',
Wae be to the bluidy wars in Hie Germanie,
They hae ta'en my luve, and left a broken heart
 to me.

The drums beat in the mornin' afore the screech o' day,
The wee wee fifes piped loud and shrill, while yet
 the morn was gray;
The bonnie flags were a' unfurled, a gallant sight to
 see,
They waes me for my sodger lad that marched to
 Germanie.

Lang, lang is the travel to the bonnie Pier o' Leith,
Reich it is to gang on foot wi' the snaw-drift in
 the teeth!

And O, the cauld wind froze the tear that gathered in
my e'e,
When I gade there to see my luve embark for Ger-
manie !

I looked ower the braid blue sea, sae long as could be
seen
Ae wee bit sail upon the ship that my sodger lad was in;
But the wind was blawin' sair and snell, and the ship
sailed speedilie,
And the waves and cruel wars hae twinned my win-
some luve frae me.

I never think o' dancin, and I downa try to sing,
But a' the day I spier what news kind neibour bodies
bring ;
I sometimes knit a stocking, if knittin' it may be,
Syne for every loop that I cast on, I am sure to let
down three.

My father says I'm in a pet, my mither jeers at me,
And bans me for a dautit wean, in dorts for aye to be ;
But little weet they o' the cause that drumles sae
my e'e :
O they hae nae winsome luve like mine in the wars
o' Germanie !

WEARIE'S WELL.



In a saft simmer gloamin',
In yon dowie dell,
It was there we twa first met
By Wearie's cauld well,
We sat on the brume bank
And looked in the burn,
But sidelang we looked on
Ilk ither in turn.

The corn-craik was chirming
His sad eerie cry,
And the wee stars were dreaming
Their path through the sky;
The burn babbled freely
Its love to ilk flower,
But we heard and we saw nought
In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought
Above or around;

We felt that our love lived,
And loathed idle sound.
I gazed on your sweet face
Till tears filled my e'e,
And they drapt on your wee loof,—
A warld's wealth to me.

Now the winter's snaw's fa'ing
On bare holm and lea;
And the cauld wind is strippin'
Ilk leaf aff the tree.
But the snaw fa's not faster,
Nor leaf disna part
Sae sune frae the bough, as
Faith fades in your heart.

Ye've waled out anither
Your bridegroom to be;
But can his heart luvae sae
As mine luvit thee?
Ye'll get biggings and mailins,
And monie braw claes;
But they a' winna buy back
The peace o' past days.

Fareweel, and for ever,
 My first luv and last,
May thy joys be to come, —
 Mine live in the past.
In sorrow and sadness,
 This hour fa's on me ;
But light, as thy luv, may
 It fleet over thee !

SONG OF THE DANISH SEA-KING.

Our bark is on the waters deep, our bright blade's
in our hand,
Our birthright is the ocean vast, — we scorn the
girdled land;
And the hollow wind is our music brave, and none
can bolder be
Than the hoarse-tongued tempest raving o'er a
proud and swelling sea !

Our bark is dancing on the waves, its tall masts
quivering bend
Before the gale, which hails us now with the hollo
of a friend;
And its prow is sheering merrily the upcurled bil-
low's foam,
While our hearts, with throbbing gladness, cheer
old Ocean as our home !

Our eagle-wings of might we stretch before the gal-
lant wind,
And we leave the tame and sluggish earth a dim
mean speck behind;

We shoot into the untracked deep, as earth-freed
spirits soar,
Like stars of fire through boundless space,—through
realms without a shore !

Lords of this wide-spread wilderness of waters, we
bound free,
The haughty elements alone dispute our sovereignty;
No landmark doth our freedom let, for no law of
man can mete
The sky which arches o'er our head, — the waves
which kiss our feet !

The warrior of the land may back the wild horse,
in his pride ;
But a fiercer steed we dauntless breast, — the un-
tamed ocean tide ;
And a nobler tilt our bark careers, as it quells the
saucy wave,
While the Herald storm peals o'er the deep the
glories of the brave.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the wind is up,—it bloweth fresh
and free,
And every cord instinct with life, pipes loud its
fearless glee ;

Big swell the bosomed sails with joy, and they
madly kiss the spray,
As proudly, through the foaming surge, the Sea-
King bears away !

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.



A STEED ! a steed of matchlesse speed,
A sword of metal keene !
All else to noble heartes is drosse,
All else on earth is meane.
The neighyinge of the war-horse prowde,
The rowlinge of the drum,
The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
Be soundes from heaven that come ;
And O ! the thundering presse of knightes
Whenas their war cryes swell,
May tole from heaven an angel bright,
And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte ! then mounte, brave gallants, all,
And don your helmes amaine :
Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honor, call
Us to the field againe.
No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt's in our hand, —
Heart whole we'll part, and no whit sighe
For the fayrest of the land ;

Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
Thus weepe and puling crye,
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die !

THE MERRY GALLANT.



THE Merry Gallant girds his sword,
And dons his helm in mickle glee ;
He leaves behind his lady-love
For tented fields and deeds which prove
Stout hardiment and constancy.

When round him rings the din of arms, —
The notes of high-born chivalry,
He thinks not of his bird in bower,
And scorns to own Love's tyrant power
Amid the combats of the Free.

Yet in the midnight watch, I trow,
When cresset lights all feebly burn,
Will hermit Fancy sometimes roam
With eager travel back to home,
Where smiles and tears await — return.

‘ Away ! away ! ’ he boldly sings,
‘ Be thrown those thoughts which cling to me ;
That mournful look and glistening eye, —
That quivering lip and broken sigh ; —
Why fill each shrine of memory ?

‘ O, that to-morrow’s dawn would rise
To light me on my path of glory,
Where I may pluck from niggard fame
Her bravest laurels, — and the name
That long shall live in minstrel story !

‘ Then, when my thirst for fame is dead,
Soft love may claim his wonted due ;
But now when levelled lances gleam,
And chargers snort, and banners stream,
To lady’s love a long adieu ! ’

THE KNIGHT'S SONG.



ENDEARING ! endearing !
Why so endearing
Are those dark lustrous eyes,
Through their silk fringes peering ?
They love me ! they love me !
Deeply, sincerely ;
And more than aught else on earth,
I love them dearly.

Endearing ! endearing !
Why so endearing
Glows the glad sunny smile
On thy soft cheek appearing ?
It brightens ! it brightens !
As I am nearing ;
And 't is thus that thy fond smile
Is ever endearing.

Endearing ! endearing !
Why so endearing

Is that lute breathing voice
Which my rapt soul is hearing?
'T is singing, 't is singing
Thy deep love for me,
And my faithful heart echoes
Devotion to thee.

Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing
At each Passage of Arms
Is the herald's bold cheering?
'T is then thou art kneeling
With pure hands to heaven,
And each prayer of thy heart
For my good lance is given.

Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing
Is the fillet of silk
That my right arm is wearing?
Once it veiled the bright bosom
That beats but for me;
Now it circles the arm that
Wins glory for thee!

THE TROOPER'S DITTY.



Boot, boot into the stirrup, lads,
And hand once more on rein ;
Up, up into the saddle, lads,
A-field we ride again :
One cheer, one cheer for dame or dear,
No leisure now to sigh,
God bless them all,—we have their prayers,
And they our hearts, — ‘ Good-bye ! ’
Off, off we ride in reckless pride,
As gallant troopers may,
Who have old scores to settle, and
Long slashing swords to pay.

The trumpet calls, — ‘ trot out, trot out, ’—
We cheer the stirring sound ;
Swords forth, my lads,—through smoke and dust
We thunder o’er the ground.
Tramp, tramp, we go through sulphury clouds,
That blind us while we sing, —

Woe worth the knave who follows not
The banner of the King ;
But luck befall each trooper tall,
That cleaves to saddle-tree,
Whose long sword carves on rebel sconce,
The rights of Majesty.

Spur on, my lads ; the trumpet sounds
Its last and stern command, —
'A charge ! a charge !' — an ocean burst
Upon a stormy strand.
Ha ! ha ! how thickly on our casques
Their pop-guns rattle shot ;
Spur on, my lads, we'll give it them
As sharply as we've got.
Now for it : — now, bend to the work, —
Their lines begin to shake ;
Now, through and through them, — bloody lanes
Our flashing sabres make !

'Cut one, — cut two, — first point,' and then
We'll parry as we may ;
On, on the knaves, and give them steel
In bellyfuls to day.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Church and State,
For Country and for Crown,
We slash away, and right and left
Hew rogues and rebels down.
Another cheer ! the field is clear,
The day is all our own ;
Done like our sires, — done like the swords
God gives to guard the Throne !

HE IS GONE! HE IS GONE!



He is gone! he is gone!
Like the leaf from the tree;
Or the down that is blown
By the wind o'er the lea.
He is fled, the light-hearted!
Yet a tear must have started
To his eye, when he parted
From love-stricken me!

He is fled! he is fled!
Like a gallant so free,
Plumed cap on his head,
And sharp sword by his knee;
While his gay feathers fluttered,
Surely something he muttered,
He at least must have uttered
A farewell to me!

He's away! he's away
To far lands o'er the sea, —

And long is the day
Ere home he can be ;
But where'er his steed prances,
Amid thronging lances,
Sure he 'll think of the glances
That love stole from me !

He is gone ! he is gone !
Like the leaf from the tree ;
But his heart is of stone
If it ne'er dream of me !
For I dream of him ever :
His buff-coat and beaver,
And long sword, O, never
Are absent from me !

THE FORESTER'S CAROL.



LUSTY Hearts! to the wood, to the merry green
wood,
While the dew with strung pearls loads each
blade,
And the first blush of dawn brightly streams o'er
the lawn,
Like the smile of a rosy-cheeked maid.

Our horns with wild music ring glad through each
shaw,
And our broad arrows rattle amain;
For the stout bows we draw, to the green woods
give law,
And the Might is the Right once again!

Mark yon herds, as they brattle and brush down
the glade;
Pick the fat, let the lean rascals go,
Under favor 't is meet that we tall men should eat,—
Nock a shaft and strike down that proud doe!

Well delivered, parfay ! convulsive she leaps, —

One bound more, — then she drops on her side ;
Our steel hath bit smart the life-strings of her heart,
And cold now lies the green forest's pride.

Heave her up, and away ! — should any base churl

Dare to ask why we range in this wood,
There's a keen arrow yare, in each broad belt to
spare,
That will answer the knave in his blood !

Then forward, my Hearts ! like the bold reckless
breeze

Our life shall whirl on in mad glee ;
The long bows we bend, to the world's latter end,
Shall be borne by the hands of the Free !

MAY MORN SONG.



THE grass is wet with shining dews,
Their silver bells hang on each tree,
While opening flower and bursting bud
Breathe incense forth unceasingly ;
The mavis pipes in greenwood shaw,
The throstle glads the spreading thorn,
And cheerily the blythesome lark
Salutes the rosy face of morn.
'T is early prime ;
And hark ! hark ! hark !
His merry chime
Chirrup the lark :
Chirrup ! chirrup ! he heralds in
The jolly sun with matin hymn.

Come, come, my love ! and May-dews shake
In pailfuls from each drooping bough ;
They 'll give fresh lustre to the bloom,
That breaks upon thy young cheek now.

O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood,
Aurora's smiles are streaming free;
With earth it seems brave holyday,
In heaven it looks high jubilee.
And it is right,
For mark, love, mark!
How bathed in light
Chirrup the lark:
Chirrup! chirrup! he upward flies,
Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.

They lack all heart, who cannot feel
The voice of heaven within them thrill,
In summer morn, when mounting high
This merry minstrel sings his fill.
Now let us seek yon bosky dell
Where brightest wild-flowers choose to be,
And where its clear stream murmurs on,
Meet type of our love's purity;
No witness there,
And o'er us hark!
High in the air
Chirrup the lark:
Chirrup! chirrup! away soars he,
Bearing to heaven my vows to thee!

THE BLOOM HATH FLED THY CHEEK, MARY.



THE bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,
 As spring's rath blossoms die,
 And sadness hath o'ershadowed now
 Thy once bright eye;
 But, look on me, the prints of grief
 Still deeper lie.
 Farewell !

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary,
 Thy step is sad and slow,
 The morn of gladness hath gone by
 Thou erst did know ;
 I, too, am changed like thee, and weep
 For very woe.
 Farewell !

It seems as 't were but yesterday
 We were the happiest twain,

When murmured sighs and joyous tears,
Dropping like rain,
Discoursed my love, and told how loved
I was again.
Farewell !

'T was not in cold and measured phrase
We gave our passion name ;
Scorning such tedious eloquence,
Our heart's fond flame
And long-imprisoned feelings fast
In deep sobs came.
Farewell !

Would that our love had been the love
That merest worldlings know,
When passion's draught to our doomed lips
Turns utter woe,
And our poor dream of happiness
Vanishes so !
Farewell !

But in the wreck of all our hopes,
There's yet some touch of bliss,

Since fate robs not our wretchedness
Of this last kiss :
Despair, and love, and madness, meet
In this, in this.
Farewell !

IN THE QUIET AND SOLEMN NIGHT.



In the quiet and solemn night,
 When the moon is silvery bright,
 Then the screech-owl's eerie cry
 Mocks the beauties of the sky :

Tu whit, tu whoo,
 Its wild halloo
 Doth read a drowsy homily.

.

From yon old castle's chimneys tall,
 The bat on leathern sail doth fall
 In wanton-wise to skim the earth,
 And flout the mouse that gave it birth.

Tu whit, tu whoo,
 That wild halloo
 Hath marred the little monster's mirth.

Fond lovers seek the dewy vale,
 That swimmeth in the moonshine pale ;

But maids ! beware, when in your ear
The screech-owl screams so loud and clear :

Tu whit, tu whoo,

Its wild halloo

Doth speak of danger lurking near.

It bids beware of murmured sigh,
Of air-spun oath and wistful eye ;
Of star that winks to conscious flower
Through the roof of leaf-clad bower :

Tu whit, tu whoo,

That wild halloo

Bids startled virtue own its power !

•

THE VOICE OF LOVE.



WHEN shadows o'er the landscape creep,
And twinkling stars pale vigils keep ;
When flower-cups all with dewdrops gleam,
And moonshine floweth like a stream ;

Then is the hour
That hearts which love no longer dream, —
Then is the hour
That the voice of love is a spell of power !

When shamefaced moonbeams kiss the lake,
And amorous leaves sweet music wake ;
When slumber steals o'er every eye,
And Dian's self shines drowsily ;

Then is the hour
That hearts which love with rapture sigh, —
Then is the hour
That the voice of love is a spell of power !

When surly mastiffs stint their howl,
And swathed in moonshine nods the owl ;

When cottage-hearths are glimmering low,
And warder cocks forget to crow ;

Then is the hour

That hearts feel passion's overflow, —

Then is the hour

That the voice of love is a spell of power !

When stilly night seems earth's vast grave,
Nor murmur comes from wood or wave ;
When land and sea, in wedlock bound
By silence, sleep in bliss profound ;

Then is the hour

That hearts like living well-springs sound, —

Then is the hour

That the voice of love is a spell of power !

AWAY! AWAY! O, DO NOT SAY.

AWAY! away! O, do not say
He can prove false to me :
Let me believe but this brief day
In his fidelity ;
Tell me, that rivers backward flow,
That unsunned snows like fire-brands glow,
I may believe that lay ;
But never can believe that he
Is false and fled away.

Ill acted part ! ill acted part !
I knew his noble mind,
He could not break a trusting heart,
Nor leave his love behind ;
Tell me yon sun will cease to rise,
Or stars at night to gem the skies,
I may believe such lay ;
But never can believe that he
Is false and fled away.

Can it be so? O, surely no!

Must I perforce believe

That he I loved and trusted so,

Vowed only to deceive?

Heap coals of fire on this lone head,

Or in pure pity strike me dead, —

'T were kindness, on the day

That tells me one I loved so well,

Is false, — is fled away!

O AGONY! KEEN AGONY.



O, AGONY ! keen agony,
For trusting heart, to find
That vows believed, were vows conceived
As light as summer wind.

O, agony ! fierce agony,
For loving heart to brook,
In one brief hour the withering power
Of unimpassioned look.

O, agony ! deep agony,
For heart that 's proud and high,
To learn of fate how desolate
It may be ere it die.

O, agony ! sharp agony,
To find how loth to part
With the fickleness and faithlessness
That break a trusting heart !

THE SERENADE.

WAKE, lady, wake !
Dear heart, awake
From slumbers light ;
For 'neath thy bower, at this still hour,
In harness bright,
Lingers thine own true paramour,
And chosen knight !
Wake, lady, wake !

Wake, lady, wake !
For thy loved sake,
Each trembling star
Smiles from on high with its clear eye,
While nobler far
Yon silvery shield lights earth and sky ;
How good they are !
Wake, lady, wake !

Rise, lady, rise !
Not star-filled skies
I worship now,
A fairer shrine I trust is mine
For loyal vow :

O that the living stars would shine
That light thy brow !
Rise, lady, rise !

Rise, lady, rise
Ere war's rude cries
Fright land and sea !
To-morrow's light sees mail-sheathed knight,
Even hapless me,
Careering through the bloody fight
Afar from thee !
Rise, lady, rise !

Mute, lady, mute ?
I have no lute,
Nor rebeck small
To soothe thine ear with lay sincere,
Or madrigal ;
With helm on head and hand on spear,
On thee I call !
Mute, lady, mute !

Mute, lady, mute
To love's fond suit ?

I'll not complain,
Since underneath thy balmy breath
I may remain
One brief hour more ere I seek death
On battle plain!
Mute, lady, mute!

Sleep, lady, sleep!
While watch I keep
Till dawn of day:
But o'er the wold now morning cold
Shines icy gray;
While the plain gleams with steel and gold,
And chargers neigh!
Sleep, lady, sleep!

Sleep, lady, sleep!
Nor wake to weep
For heart-struck me:
These trumpets knell my last farewell
To love and thee!
When next they sound, 't will be to tell
I died for thee!
Sleep, lady, sleep!

COULD LOVE IMPART.



COULD love impart,
 By nicest art,
 To speechless rocks a tongue, —
 Their theme would be,
 Beloved, of thee, —
 Thy beauty, all their song.

And, clerklike, then,
 With sweet amen,
 Would echo from each hollow
 Reply all day ;
 While gentle fay,
 With merry whoop, would follow.

Had roses sense
 On no pretence
 Would they their buds unroll ;
 For, could they speak,
 'T was from thy cheek
 Their daintiest blush they stole.

Had lilies eyes,
 With glad surprise,

They'd own themselves outdone,
When thy pure brow
And neck of snow,
Gleamed in the morning sun.

Could shining brooks,
By amorous looks
Be taught a voice so rare,
Then, every sound
That murmured round,
Would whisper, 'Thou art fair!'

Could winds be fraught
With pensive thought
At midnight's solemn hour,
Then every wood,
In gleeful mood,
Would own thy beauty's power!

And could the sky
Behold thine eye,
So filled with love and light,
In jealous haste,
Thou soon wert placed
To star the cope of Night!



THE PARTING.



O! is it thus we part,
And thus we say farewell,
As if in neither heart
Affection e'er did dwell?
And is it thus we sunder
Without or sigh or tear,
As if it were a wonder
We e'er held other dear?

We part upon the spot,
With cold and clouded brow,
Where first it was our lot
To breathe love's fondest vow!
The vow both then did tender
Within this hallowed shade, —
That vow, we now surrender,
Heart-bankrupts both are made!

Thy hand is cold as mine,
As lustreless thine eye;

Thy bosom gives no sign
That it could ever sigh !
Well, well ! adieu 's soon spoken
'T is but a parting phrase,
Yet said, I fear, heart-broken
We 'll live our after days !

Thine eye no tear will shed,
Mine is as proudly dry ;
But many an aching head
Is ours before we die !
From pride we both can borrow, —
To part we both may dare, —
But the heart-break of to-morrow,
Nor you nor I can bear !

LOVE'S DIET.



TELL me, fair maid, tell me truly,
How should infant love be fed;
If with dewdrops, shed so newly
On the bright green clover blade;
Or, with roses plucked in July,
And with honey liquored?
O, no! O, no!
Let roses blow,
And dew-stars to green blade cling:
Other fare
More light and rare,
Befits that gentlest nursling.

Feed him with the sigh that rushes
'Twixt sweet lips, whose muteness speaks,
With the eloquence that flushes
All a heart's wealth o'er soft cheeks;
Feed him with a world of blushes,
And the glance that shuns, yet seeks:

For 't is with food,
So light and good,
That the Spirit child is fed;
And with the tear
Of joyous fear
That the small Elf's liquored.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.



MOURNFULLY ! O, mournfully

This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody

Of ages long gone by :

It speaks a tale of other years, —

Of hopes that bloomed to die, —

Of sunny smiles that set in tears,

And loves that mouldering lie !

Mournfully ! O, mournfully

This midnight wind doth moan ;
It stirs some chord of memory

In each dull heavy tone :

The voices of the much-loved dead

Seem floating thereupon, —

All, all my fond heart cherished

Ere death hath made it lone.

Mournfully ! O, mournfully

This midnight wind doth swell,

With its quaint pensive minstrelsy
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom, — ay ! well may tears
Start at that parting knell !

POSTHUMOUS PIECES.

POSTHUMOUS PIECES.

THE WAITHMAN'S WAIL.*

The waithman goode of Silverwoode,
That bowman stout and hende,
In donjon gloom abydes his doome ;
God dele him gentil ende.

It breakes trew herte to see him sterte,
Whenas the small birdes sing ;
And then to hear his sighynges dreere
Whenas his fetters ryng.

Of bowe and shafte he bin bereft,
And eke of bugil horne ;
A goodlye wighte, by craftie slyghte,
Alake ! is overborne. —OLD BALLAD.

My heart is sick ! my heart is sick !
And sad as heart can be ;
It pineth for the forest brook,
And for the forest tree ;
It pineth for all gladsome things
That haunt the woodlands free.

O Silverwood, sweet Silverwood,
Thy leaves be large and long ;

* Waithman — hunter.

And there, God wot, in summer eve,
To list the small bird's song,
Were med'cine to the heart that breaks,
Like mine, in prison strong.

The sun, in idle wantonness,
Shines in this dungeon cold,
But his bright glance, through Silverwood,
I never shall behold !
I ne'er shall see each broad leaf gleam
Like banner-flag of gold.

It pains me, this o'ermastering light,
Fast flooding from the sky,
That streams through these black prison bars
In sheerest mockery,
Recalling thoughts, by green woods bred,
To mad me ere I die.

Dear western wind, now blowing soft
Upon my faded cheek,
Thy angel whisperings seem even now
Of Silverwood to speak ;
Of streams and bowers that make man's heart
As very woman's weak.

Soft western wind, with music fraught
Of all to heart most dear;
Of birds that sing in greenest glade,
Of streams that run so clear;
Why pour thy sweetness o'er the heart
That wastes in dungeon drear?

The sunshine's for the jocund heart,
The breeze is for the free;
They be for those who bend stout bow
Beneath the greenwood tree.
Sun ne'er should shine, breeze never blow,
For fettered slave like me.

I hear the hawk's scream in the wood,
The brayings of gaunt hound,
The sharp sough of the feathered shaft,
The bugle's thrilling sound;
I hear them; and, Oh God, these limbs
With Spanish irons bound!

Strike these foul fetters from my wrist,
These shackles from my knee,
Set this foot 'gainst an earthfast stone,
This back 'gainst broad oak tree;

Give but one span of earth for fight,
And I once more am free !

A single hand, a single brand,
Against uncounted foes ;
A heart that 's withered like a leaf,
In brooding o'er its woes,
Are surely not such deadly odds
For stout men to oppose.

But no ; bound here midst rotting straw,
Within this noisome cell,
They joy to see a proud heart break,
And ring its own sad knell ;
They joy to hear me, Silverwood,
Bid thee and life farewell.

So let it be ; sweet Silverwood,
On daylight's latest beam,
My spirit seeks again thy glades,
Revisits flower and stream ;
And fleets through thee, unchanged in love,
In this my dying dream.

THE TROUBADOUR'S LAMENT.



It was a gallant troubadour,
A child of sword and song,
That loved a gentle paramour,
And loved her leal and long ;
He woo'd her as a knight should woo,
And laying lance in rest,
In listed fields, her colors flew
O'er many a haughty crest.
He loved her as a bard should do,
And taking harp in hand,
In sweetest lays, that lady's praise
He poured o'er many a land :
But all in vain,
His noblest strain
Awoke no kind return ;
That lady proud
Smiled on the crowd,
But his true love did spurn.

It was a tristful troubadour,
Heart-broken by disdain,

That then to France and belle amour
Bequeathed this mournful strain,
As riding on the yellow sand
With many a knightly feere,
He smote his harp with feeblest hand,
To sing with feebler cheer :
Adieu, proud love ! adieu, fair land !
Where heathen banners float,
This broken heart can act its part,
Can die, and be forgot.
Alas ! too late ;
It was its fate
To learn, with saddest pain,
It loved one
Who scorned to own
Her heart could love again.

Fair France, farewell ! my latest breath
Shall still be spent for thee,
While meeting strife, I court my death
In distant Galilee.
My soul is bound up with the glaive
That glitters at my thigh,
And fixed upon the banner brave
Now flashing to the sky.

A last adieu I well may waive
To her I loved so well ;
She does not care what doom I bear
Yet, heartless maid, farewell !
No bridal sheet
For me is meet,
I seek the soldier's bier,
Who, for his God,
Sleeps on the sod,
Unstained by woman's tear.

WHEN I BENEATH THE COLD RED EARTH AM SLEEPING.

WHEN I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I 'm no more ?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore ?

When the great winds through leafless forests rushing,
Like full hearts break,
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Sad music make ;
Will there be one whose heart despair is crushing
Mourn for my sake ?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay ;
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day ?

When the night shadows, with the ample sweeping
Of her dark pall ;



The world and all its manifold creation sleeping,
 The great and small —
Will there be one, even at that dread hour, weeping
 For me — for all ?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory,
 On that low mound ;
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
 Its lonesness crowned ;
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
 Pacing it round ?

It may be so, — but this is selfish sorrow
 To ask such meed, —
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow
 From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
 Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
 Thou gentle heart ;
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
 Let no tear start ;
It were in vain,—for Time hath long been knelling—
 Sad one, depart !

SPIRITS OF LIGHT! — SPIRITS OF SHADE!



SPIRITS of Light! Spirits of Shade!
Hark to the voice of your love-craz'd maid,
Who singeth all night so merrily,
Under the cope of the huge elm tree.
The snow may fall, and the bitter wind blow,
But still with love must her heart overflow.

The great elm tree is leafy and high,
And its topmost branch wanders far up in the sky;
It is clothed with leaves from top to toe;
For it loveth to hear the wild winds blow, —
The winds that travel so fast and free,
Over the land, and over the sea,
Singing of marvels continuously.
The moon on these leaves is shining ever,
And they dance like the waves of a gleaming river.
But, oft in the night,
When her smile shines bright,

With the cold, cold dew they shiver.
Oh, woe is me, for the suffering tree,
And the little green leaves that shiver and dream
In the icy moonbeam.
Oh, woe is me!

I would I were clad with leaves so green,
And grew like this elm, a fair forest queen;
Could shoot up ten fingers like branches tall,
Till the cold — cold dews would on me fall;
For to shiver is sweet when winds blow keen,
Or hoar frost powders the dreary scene.
And oh! I would like that my flesh could creep
With cold, as it was wont to do;
And that my heart, like a flower went to sleep,
When Winter his icy trumpet blew,
And shook o'er the wolds and moorland fells,
His crisping beard of bright icicles,
While his breath, as it swept adown the strath,
Smote with death the burn as it brawled on its path.
Stilled its tongue, and laid it forth
In a lily-white smock from the freezing north.
But woe, deep woe,
It is not so.

Spirits of Light ! Spirits of Shade !
Hearken once more to your love-stricken maid,
For, oh, she is sad as sad may be,
Pining all night underneath this tree,
Yet lacking thy goodly company.
She is left self-alone,
While the old forests groan,
As they hear, down rushing from the skies,
The embattled squadrons of the air,
Pealing o'er ridgy hills their cries
Of battle, and of fierce despair.
Through sunless valleys, deep and drear,
Hark, to their trumpets' brassy blare,
The tramp of steed, and crash of spear !
Nearer yet the strife sweeps on,
And I am left thus self-alone,
With never a guardian spirit near,
To couch for me a generous lance,
When the Storm-fiends madly prance
On their steeds of cloud and flame,
To work a gentle maiden shame,
Oh, misery !
I die ; and yet I scorn to blame
Inconstancy.

All in this old wood,
They may shed my blood,
But false to my true love
I never can be.

Peace, breaking heart ! it is not so,
For sweetly I hear your voices flow —
All your sad soft voices flow
Like the murmurs of the ocean,
Kissed by Zephyrs into motion ;
And when shells have found a tongue
To sing, as they were wont to sing,
When this noble world was young ;
And the sea formed love's bright ring,
And hearts found hearts in every thing.
Now the trees find apt replying,
To your music, with a sighing
That doth witch the owl to sleep ;
And, waving their great arms to and fro,
They feel ye walk, and their heads they bow
In adoration deep.
And I, with very joy could now,
Like weakest infant weep,
That hath its humour, and doth go
With joy-wrung tears to sleep.

And now all the leaves that are sere and dry,
 Noiselessly fall, like stars from the sky ;
 They are showering down on either hand,
 A brown, brown burden upon the land.
 And thus it will be with the love-stricken maid,
 That loveth the Spirits of Light and Shade,
 And whose thoughts commune with the spirits that
 write

The blue book of heaven with words of light.
 And who bend down in love for her,
 From their stately domes on high,
 To teach her each bright character
 That gleameth in her eye,
 When the solemn night unrolls
 The vast map of the world of souls.
 Oh, ecstasy ! rapt ecstasy !
 For a poor maiden of earth like me ;
 To have and hold
 The spirits who shine like molten gold,
 Eternally.

Beautiful Spirits ! flee me not ;
 For this is the hour, and this is the spot,
 Where we were wont of old to spell
 The language of the star-filled sky ;

And walk through heaven's own citadel,
 With stately step and upcast eye,
 And brows, on which were deeply wrought,
 The fadeless prints of glorious thought.

Ye melt fast away in the dewy chill
 O' the moonbeam, but yield to a maiden's will ;
 Take, ere ye vanish, this guerdon fair,
 A long lock of her sun-bright hair ;
 It was shorn from temples that throbbed with pain
 As the fearful thought wandered through the brain.
 That never again, as in days of yore,
 It might be her hap to gather lore
 From the dropping richness of liquid tones,
 That fall from the lips of spiritual ones.
 Scorn not my gift — Oh, it is fair,
 As, streaming, it follows your course high in air ;
 And here is a brave and flaunting thing : —
 A jolly green garland, braided well
 With roses wild, and foxglove bell —
 With sage, and rue, and eglantine —
 With ivy leaf and holly green.
 Three times it was dipped in a faery spring,
 And three times spread forth in a faery ring,

When the dews fell thick and the moon was full;
 And three times it clipped a dead man's skull —
 And three times it lay pillowed under this cheek.
 And lips that would, but could not speak,
 Where its bloom was preserved, by tears freshly shed,
 From a bursting heart's fond fountain head.
 Take these gifts, then, ere ye go,
 Or my heart will break with its weight of woe,
 Oh, misery!
 To love, and yet to be slighted so,
 Sad misery.

Spirits of Light! Spirits of Shade!
 Once more thus prays your love-stricken maid;
 Dig out, and spread in the white moonshine,
 A goodly couch for these limbs of mine;
 Fast by the roots of this stately tree,
 And three fathoms deep that couch must be.
 And lightly strew o'er her the withered leaf;
 Meet shroud for maiden mild 't will prove;
 And as it falls it will lull her grief,
 With gentlest rustlings, breathing love.
 Then choose a turf that is wondrous light,
 And lap it softly o'er this breast;

And charge the dew-drops, large and bright,
On its green grass for ever to rest.
So that, like a queen, clad in gems, she may lie,
 Right holily,
With hands crossed in prayer, gazing up to the sky,
 Tranquilly,
 Eternally.

THE CRUSADER'S FAREWELL.



THE banners rustle in the breeze,
The angry trumpets swell ;
They call me, lady, from thy arms,
They bid me sigh farewell ! •

They call me to a heathen land,
To quell a heathen foe ;
To leave love's blandishments, and court
Rude dangers, strife, and wo.

Yet deem not, lady, though afar
It be my hap to roam,
That this right loyal heart can stray
From love, from thee, and home.

No ! in the tumult of the fight,
Midst Salem's chivalrie,
The thought that arms this hand with death
Shall be the thought of thee.

THE MIDNIGHT LAMP.



THOU pale and sickly lamp,
Now glimmering like the glow-worm of the swamp,
Shine on, I pray thee, for another hour,
And shed thy wan and feeble lustre o'er
This precious volume of forgotten lore
My eyes devour.

Shine on, I pray thee, but some little while
Soon will the morning's ruddy smile
Peep through the casement, like a well-known guest,
And give thee needful rest.

Even now the grey owl seeks his nest ;
And in the farm-yards, lusty cocks begin
To flap their wings, and, with a rousing din,
Cheer on the lagging morn.
Right soon the careful churle will go
To view his ripening corn ;
And up, and up, in a merry row,
A thousand many-voiced birds will spring,
And in one general chorus sing
Their matins to the skies.

Then live some little while, poor sickening light,
And glad my aching eyes ;
Thou wilt not die until the morrow bright
Has seen thy exequies.
Thou wilt not quit me like a thankless one,
Who, when grief closes with the fainting heart,
Doth shape his leave.
I pray thee tarry, then. Alas ! thou 'rt gone.
Pity it is that in this mood we part.

COME DOWN, YE SPIRITS.



COME down, ye Spirits! in your might, come down!
Come down, ye Spirits of this midnight hour;
Come down in all your dim sublimity
And majesty of terror! How I joy
To meet you in your own dark territories,
And hold mysterious converse in a tongue
That hath quite perished among the sons
Of fallen man! Ye Spirits that do roam
With unconfined footsteps o'er the paths
Of measureless eternity; — ye who skim
The bosomed cloud, or pace with hasty step
The earth's green surface, and its every spot,
Though ne'er so lone, deserted, and profound;
Repeople with strange sounds and voices sweet,
Which circle round, even when all else is still,
And breed in vulgar breasts a nameless dread
And awe inexplicable; which bids the flesh
To creep, as if its every fibre were
A many-footed and a living thing,
Come down! come down!

I hear ye come ! I hear your sounding wings
Beat the impassive air with mighty strokes,
And in the flickering moonshine I can see
Your shadowy limbs, descending like a mist
Of fleecy whiteness, on the slumbering earth.
And now I hear the mingled harmonies
Of all your voices, fill the vaulted sky.
Ye call upon me — and my soul is glad
To meet you on your pilgrimage, and join
Its feeble echoes to your mighty song. .

DING DONG!



Ding dong! ding dong!
The church bells chime
At early prime —
A solemn stave —
Ding dong! ding dong!
O'er the lovers' grave.

Ding dong! ding dong!
The slow sounds weep,
And cadence keep
With the wail of woe —
Ding dong! ding dong!
O'er the grave below.

Ding dong! ding dong!
Strew garlands round
The holy ground,
Where twin hearts sleep.
Ding dong! ding dong!
And two friends weep.

Ding dong ! ding dong !
The church bells play
At close of day,
With hollow tone.
Ding dong ! ding dong
They ever moan.

Ding dong ! ding dong !
Cold death hath laid
In earthly bed
Two hearts alone.
Ding dong ! ding dong !
And made them one.

Ding dong ! ding dong !
The church bells loom
Above the tomb
Where true loves meet.
Ding dong ! ding dong !
How sad and sweet !

CLERKE RICHARD AND MAID MARGARET.



A man must nedes love maugre his hed,
He may not fleen it though he should be ded.

— CHAUCER.

THERE were two lovers who loved each other
For many years, till hate did start,
And yet they never quite could smother
The former love that warmed their heart ;
And both did love, and both did hate,
Till both fulfilled the will of fate.

Years after, and the maid did marry
One that her heart had ne'er approved,
Nor longer could Clerke Richard tarry
Where he had lost all that he loved.
To foreign lands he reckless went
To nourish love — hate — discontent.

A word — an idle word of folly,
Had spilled their love when it was young,

And hatred, grief, and melancholy,
In either heart is idly sprung ;
And yet they loved — and hate did wane,
And much they wished to meet again.

Of Richard still is Margaret dreaming ;
His image lingered in her breast ;
And oft at midnight, to her seeming,
Her former lover stood confest ;
And shedding on her bosom tears,
The bitter wrecks of happier years.

Where'er he went, by land or ocean,
Still Richard sees dame Margaret there ;
And every throb and kind emotion
His bosom knew were felt for her.
And never new love hath he cherished ;
The power to love with first love perished.

Homeward is Clerke Richard sailing,
An altered man from him of old,
His hate had changed to bitter wailing,
And love resumed its wonted hold

Upon his heart, which yearned to see
The haunts and loves of infancy.

He knew her faithless, nathless, ever ;
He loved her, though no more his own ;
Nor could he proudly now dis sever
The chain that round his heart was thrown.
He loved her without hope, yet true,
And sought her but to say adieu.

For even in parting there is pleasure,
A bitter joy that rings the soul ;
And there is grief surpassing measure
That will not bide nor brook control ;
And yet a formal fond-leave taking
Is wished for by a heart nigh breaking.

Oh, there is something in the feeling,
And trembling falter of the hand,
And something in the tear down stealing,
And voice so broken and so bland,
And something in the word farewell
That worketh like a powerful spell !



These lovers met, and never parted ;
They met as lovers wont to do
Who meet when both are broken-hearted,
To breathe a last and long adieu.
Pale Margaret wept. Clerke Richard sighed ;
And, folded in each other's arms, they died.

Yes, they did die ere word was spoken ;
Surprise, grief-love had chained their tongue ;
And now that hatred was ywroken,
A wondrous joy in them had sprung.
And then despair froze either heart,
Which lived to meet — but died to part.

Clerke Richard, he was buried low
In fair Linlithgow ; and his love
Was laid beside him there ; and lo,
A bonnie tree did grow above
Their double grave, and it doth flourish
Green o'er the spot where love did perish.

LORD ARCHIBALD.

A Ballad.



O SAFTLIE, saftlie laie him down, and hap upo' his heid
 The cauld reid erd ful lichtlie feris, this is a knichtlie
 rede ;

And pight a carvit croce of stane abune quhare he
 dois lye,

Syne it was for the halie rude Lord Archibald did die.

Its saftlie, saftlie have thay layd Lord Archibald in
 graif,

And its dowie, dowie owre his bouk thair plumis and
 banneris waif ;

And its lichtlie, lichtlie doe thay hap the red erth on
 his heid ;

And waefil was ilk knichtly fere to luik upon the deid.

Thay layd him down wi' sighe and sab, and they layd
 him down wi' tearis ;

And nou abune the Olyve wuddis the ice-cauld mune
 apperis ;

Quhyl thai muntit on thayr stedis amayne a
sorrowand cumpanie,
And be the munelicht forthy thai begin a lang jornie.

Awa thai rade, away thai rade, and the wynd souchit
eerie by,
And quhiskit aff ilk heavie tere quhilk gatherit in
thair eye;
For weil thay luvit Lord Archibald as knichtis suld
luve thair feris;
But littil thai affect Syr Hew, quha now thair fealtie
bearis.

Its thai have spurrit, and egre spurrit, and thair
stedes ar al a fome,
And nevir a word frae anie lip of thir silent knichtis
hes come;
And still they spurrit and pukit on, til a lonesum
lodge they wan,
Then voydit thae thair saddilis al, and til the yett
thay ran.

Nae licht is schinand in the lodge, and nae portir
keepis the dore;

Nae warder strade, wi lustie spere, that dreirie lodge
before ;
Nae harp is heard inurth the hall, and nae sang frae
ladie braive,
But al was quiet as Ermites houff, and stylliche as
the grave.

Swith pacit thai in be twa and twa, ilk wi his out-
drawn swerd,
And thai gang throu vaultit passages, albeit nae
sound thay heard,
Bot and it was the heavy clamp quhilk thair fit rang
on the flore,
Til that thay stude, ilk knicht of them, fornentes
the grit hall dore.

Now entir thou, the bauld Syr Hew, for treason do
we feare ;
Now entir first, as Captaine thou, of your brithern
knichtis sae dier ;
For syne the gude Lord Archibald was layd aneth
the stane,
Our manlyke courage has yfled, and al our hertis
have gane.

The dark Syr Hew gade on before, and ane yreful
man was he ;

“Oh, schame upon your manheidis al, and dishonour
on ye be ;

“ Quhat fleyis ye sua that nane may daur to threuw
this chalmer lok ; ”

Then wi' his iron gauntlet he that aiken dore has
broke.

“Come in, Syr Hew ; come in, Syr Hew ;” a voice
cryit fra within ;

“Come in, Syr Hew, my buirdly bairn, quhilk are
sua wicht and grim,

“But nevir nane sal entir here bot an yoursel alane ;

“Now welcum blythe to dark Syr Hew in this pair
lodge of stane.”

Ilk knight did hear the lonsum voyce, but the speiker
nane did see,

And dark Syr Hew waxit deadlie pale, quhyl the
mist cam owre his ee.

“Now turn wi' me, my merrie men al, to hald us on
our way,

“For in this ugsum lodge this nicht nae pilgrimer
may stay.”

“Come back, Syr Hew, my knicht of grace, and
come hither my trusty fere ;

“For thou hast wan a gudely fee, though nae lerges
ye mote spere ;

“Oh, three woundis were on your britheris face, and
three abune his knee ;

“But the deepest wound was throu his hert, and that
was gi'en be thee.”

Ilk ane has heard the lonesum voyce, for it was schil
and hie ;

Ilk ane has heard its eerie skreich as it gaed souning
by ;

Yet mervailous dul that lodge dois seem, and bot
anie bruit or din ;

Nae liand wicht dois herbour here but an that voyce
within.

And everie knicht has turnit him round to leave that
hauntit ha',

And muntit on his swelterand stede, and pricket richt
sune awa' ;

And quhan this gallant cumpanye auld Askelon had
nearit,
The wan mune had gane fra the lift, and the grai
daylight apperit.

Then did they count thair numberis, and thay countit
wyse and true,
And everilk ane was thair convenit bot and the dark
Syr Hew ;
But in the press his horse was kythit wi' ane saddil
toom and bare ;
Och and alace, its maister sure liggis in som lanelie
lair.

Back hae thay ridden league and myl, but nevir Syr
Hew thai see ;
Back hae thay ridden league and myl til quhare that
lodge suld be ;
Och and alace, nae lodge is thair, nouthir of stane
nor wud,
But quhair it was lay the dark Syr Hew amid thick
clotterit blude.

His lyre was wan, his teeth were clenचित, and his
eyne did open stare,

And wonderouslie lyke stiffened cordis stude up his
coal-black hair,
And his hand was glewit until the haft of his swerd
sue scharp and trew,
Bot the blade was broke, and on the grund it lay in
pieces two.

He streiket was upon the garse, and it was red of
blee,
Wi' the drappyng of the ruddie blude that trinklit
doun his knee;
And his brunie bricht was dintit sair, and heart in
pieces ten,
O nevir was a knicht sae hackit by armis of mortal
men.

Thay sayit to raise him, bot alace, thai culd not
muve a limm;
But heavie as the lead he lay, that Captaine dark
and brym;
And his eye was luik, and fierslie fell, and his hand
was rased a lite,
Albeit no lyf was in the corps of that cauld paly
knighte.

Then did thay leave him on that spot to rot and fal
away,

And thay put na stane upon his heid, and on his
corps nae clay,

For thay had lerit in ferly wise that hindernicht I
rede,

That dark Syr Hew, by felon means, did make his
brither bleed.

AND HAVE I GAZED ?

And have I gazed on this bright form
While it was fast decaying?
And have I looked on these pale lips
While ghastly death and woman's love
Thereon with smiles were playing?
And do I see that lustrous eye
Now quenched in hopeless night?
And was that feebly-murmured sigh
Thy spirit's heavenward flight?

A moment since that eye was bright,
A moment since it beamed on me,
And now that lovely orb of light
Is fixed on dull vacuity;
That bosom throb'd, that cheek was warm,
And in that round and polish'd arm
The thin blue veins were filled with life;
Now motionless and pale they lie;
Sad beauteous wrecks of that stern strife
In which a soul escaped on high!

Can I forget thy sad sweet smile,
Thy last, thy long impassioned look ?
Can I forget the last farewell
It then so fondly took ?
Oh no — methinks thy lips still seem
That smile of deepest love to beam,
And these eyes that now calmly sleep
Beneath their half-closed thin transparent covers,
Have all the lustre in their slumber deep
They had in life, and proud dominion keep
With light and sunshine over hearts and lovers.
Vain thought ! Imagination's hollow trick
To wean the heart from brooding o'er its sorrow,
Away ! Death's blighting dews have fallen thick
On that dear maiden's pale and bloodless cheek.
She smiled to-day ; some gentle words did speak,
But nor one smile nor syllable will break
The silence of to-morrow !

Feast, feast mine eyes on happiness forelore,
Banquet on loveliness that hath not died,
A beauty slumbers there as heretofore,
A soul made to be deified.
What though the rose, like coward base, hath fled

From this cold cheek ; the lily still is there ;
And mark how its pure white is softly spread,
Where not one vagrant rose shall dare
Again to blossom on this maiden's cheek,
Or its bright innocence with shame to streak.

SHE IS NOT DEAD.



SHE is not dead — oh ! do not say she's dead.
 Good friends, she lives ! what though the rose hath
 fled

From her sweet face, doth not the lily there
 As beautiful a form and 'semblance bear ?
 Good friends, I say she lives ! her beauty lives !
 And death destroys all loveliness of hue ;
 And were she dead, that lustre life but gives,
 From her, methinks, would have evanished too.

Good friends, join with me — do but give me space
 To feast upon the beauties of this face.
 She lives in death, she triumphs in the tomb,
 And, like a grave's flower, springs in fresher bloom
 The nearer it is planted to the dead !
 Raise, raise a little more her drooping head ;
 Her bosom heaves not — 't is like marble, white,
 And, like it, cold. But mark how exquisite
 And finely fashioned is this pale stiff arm
 Which sleeps upon it ; touch it, it will not harm.

No, not one finger moves; they're locked in sleep,
And very cold withal; pray do not weep,
Else I would weep too, that I could not break
Her pleasant slumbers for your pity's sake.

Good friends, I pray withdraw that veil once more,
And say, is she not lovely as before;
Hath not this brow, this cheek, this neck, this arm,
And this fair body, all some goodly charm
Hovering around them, though the soul is gone
On some far pilgrimage from this bright one?
Men say this maiden loved me — simple me,
Even from the cradle and sweet infancy,
Till we had learned speech to speak our loves
As others do, by streams and shaded groves;
But that is false in part, for never word
Of love from either lip by us was heard;
The tongue is false and cogging, but the eye,
The vanishing rosy smile, speak faithfully.
Yes, Love beneath these cold lids did repair
As to a crystal palace, there to blend
His essence with the lights they did defend;
And when they op'd their portals, what a light
Pour'd from the worlds they hid! Two bright

All-radiant worlds — two stars of living fire,
Having joint sway and majesty entire
Within their fair domains and beauteous spheres,
And gemmed with diamonds like to dropping tears,
And Love was there enshrined, and laughed through,
The pensive glories of these eyes so blue.

SWEET EARLSBURN, BLYTHE EARLSBURN.



SWEET Earlsburn, blythe Earlsburn,
 Mine own, my native stream,
My heart grows young again, while thus
 On thy green banks I dream.
Yes, dream ! in sooth I can no more,
 For as thy murmurs roll,
They wake the ancient melodies
 That stirred my infant soul.

I've told thee, one by one, the thoughts ;
 Strange shapeless forms were they,
That hung around me fearfully
 In childhood's dreamy day.
And still thy mystic music spake
 Dimly articulate,
Yielding meet answer to the dreams
 That shadowed forth my fate.

I've wept by thee a sorrowing child ;
 I've sported, mad with glee,

And still thou wert the only one
That seemed to care for me ;
For in whatever mood I came
To wander by thy brim,
Thy murmurs were most musical,
Soul-soothing as a hymn.

I've wandered far in other lands,
And mixed with stranger men,
But still my heart untravelled sought
Repose within thy glen.
The pictures of my memory
Were fresh as they were limned,
Nor change of scene, nor lapse of years,
Their lustre ever dimmed.

BEGONE, BEGONE THOU TRUANT TEAR.



BEGONE, begone thou truant tear
That trembles on my cheek,
And far away be born the sigh
That more than words can speak.

And cease, my merry harp, to wake
The song of former days,
And perish all the minstrel lyre
That framed these happy lays.

She loves me not who woke these strains,
Then, wherefore should they be?
True, she doth smile as she was wont,
But doth she smile on me?

Her neck with kindly arch ne'er bends
When listening to my song,
Nor does her passion-moving lips
The trembling notes prolong.

Time was, indeed, when she would hang
Enamoured on my theme ;
But ah, that happy time hath fled,
And vanished like a dream.

Peace, thou proud heart, and prate no more,
Thy sun of joy hath set,
And dark and starless is the sky
The troubadour has met.

O BABBLE NOT TO ME, GRAY EILD.

Oh babble not to me, Gray Eild,
Of days and years mis-spent,
Unless thou can'st again restore
Youth's scenes of merriment.

Can'st thou recal to me the heart
That bounded sorrow-free,
Or wake to life the lovely one
Who stole that heart from me ?

Can'st thou by magic art compel
The shrouded dead to rise,
And all the friends of early years
Again to glad my eyes ?

Can'st thou renew Hope's flattering dream
That promised joys in store,
Or bid me taste again those few,
Alas ! that are no more ?

Then babble not to me, Gray Eild,
Of days and years mis-spent,
Unless thou can'st again restore
Youth's dreams of sweet content.

SONNET — THE PATRIOT'S DEATH.

eye did lose its lustre for a space,
 l a bright colour mantled o'er his face ;
 lips did tremulous move, as if to speak,
 t no words came. On his brow did break
 e heavy and cold dew of coming death ;
 d thick and difficult hath grown his breath.
 noment's space, it was no more, for soon
 mness and sunshine did again illumine
 stern-resolved features, and a glow
 deep but bridled wrath sat on his brow ;
 t it frowned not, nor did his piercing eye
 ak aught that wronged his proud heart's privacy.
 ar did not there abide, nor yet did rage
 am in its fire. Far nobler moods assuage
 potent brilliance and restrain its ire ;
 nothing knew but the brave patriot's fire,
 o slaketh life to grasp at liberty,
 d dies rejoicing that he has lived free,
 ll knowing that his death to other men
 ll be a gathering call — a watchword, when
 e brave on freedom look in after times.

SONNET — PALE DAUGHTER OF THE NIGHT.



OH thou most beautiful and meek-eyed virgin,
Pale daughter of the night, how tempest tost
And wildered in these thickening clouds thou art,
Yet smiling ever with so sweet a face
Of love around thee, that in truth, methinks,
Even at these clouds thou canst not take offence,
Knowing thy glory and majestic form
Cannot be sullied ; and the innocent,
Even like to thee, with undiminished beam,
Burst through the clouds of envious calumny
To shame the tongues, and give the lie to thoughts
Having no saintlike charity ! Oh, yes, like thee,
Thus shine on darkness with forgiving look,
For Innocence and Mercy are twin-born !

SONNET — THE HAND'S WILD GRASP.



THE hand's wild grasp, the dark flash of the eye,
Like the troubled gleam of a winter's sky,
The bosom's bitter throb, the half-choked sigh,
When the parting hour is hurrying nigh,
Are known but to those who love.
Sad is that fateful hour, and pale the cheek,
And fain the tongue would, but it cannot speak,
And the cold lips will not move.

Oh, could the eyes find tears kind hope hath sprung,
And could the lips but syllable a sound,
Albeit to wail, the heart with passion wrung
Would to its prisoned feeling thus give vent;
But in an icy circle they are bound,
And when that breaks, the heart's last chord is rent!

SONNET — SILVERY HAIRS.



HA! on my brow, what straggling silvery hairs
Be ye who curl and mingle in the throng
Of a more youthful race? Beshrew my heart,
Ye have a frosty aspect right severe,
And come to babble nonsense of the times
That once have been, and of the days that speed
With noiseless pinions o'er me — of the grave
That hungers for me, and impatiently
Awaits my coming. Softly now, fair sirs,
Emblems of frail mortality; in sooth,
Are ye the fruits of time, or those chance weeds
That sorrow's sullen flood hath left to mock
The broken heart that it hath desolated,
And killed each bud of hope that blossomed there?

LADY MARGARET.



I LAY within the chamber lone
Where the Lady Margaret died ;
And wildly there the midnight wind
Like hapless spirit sighed.

I mused upon that peerless One,
So beautiful of blee ;
And marvelled much of her sad death's
Time-hallowed mystery :
For, as a rainbow-tinted cloud,
Smote by a gentle wind,
Sails o'er the deep, slow paced and proud,
Yet leaves no trace behind ;
Nor can conjecture index true
Where one bright shadow lay,
Till all has melted from the view,
In nothingness away ;
So did that lady vanish quite,
In her sad latter day !

It is a hundred years ago
 Since living limb did rest
Within that chamber's chilling gloom,
 And rose a living guest !
But many a brave and stately corpse
 Of lord and lady tall,
Have here lain cold and motionless
 Ere their proud funeral :
For no sound or sight, however strange,
 Can lifeless flesh appal.
But ancient crones have noted well
 Of each corpse that lay there,
That writhen was each ghastly limb,
The eyelid opened wide, and grim
 Each cold dead eye did glare.

It is a hundred years ago,
 Even on this very night,
Since, in this unsunned room, and lone,
 Reposed that lady bright —
A miracle of loveliness —
 A very beam of light.
Blythe dawns the morn—her bridal morn,
 And merry minstrels play ;

The brisk bridegroom, and all his kin,
Came trooping with a joyous din,
 In seemliest array.
The bridegroom came, but ah ! the bride
 Was missing and away !
And of that gentle lady's fate
 None wot of till this day !
And, since that night, all tenantless
 Of life hath been her room ;
Till even I did madly break
 Upon its sacred gloom.

It was a dull and eerie night
 Of wind and bitter sleet,
When first that tomb-like chamber rung
 With the echoes of my feet ;
And on its narrow casements hard
 The hail and rain did beat,
While through each crazed and time-worn chink
 The hollow wind did moan,
As if a hundred harps were strung
 Within that chamber lone,
And every minstrel there had been
 Some disembodied one !

But it is a lofty chamber,
And passing rich withal
When on its gilded mouldings huge
The quivering moonbeams fall.
And, ever and anon, in sooth,
Even on that stormy night,
Would some pale tempest-shattered ray
Through the dim windows find its way —
A very thread of light —
To glimmer on the needlecraft
And curious tapestry
Which moulder on the walls, — brave scrolls
Of dim antiquitye,
Embodying many a quaint device
Of love and chivalrye.

Oh! it is a lofty chamber,
But dull it is to see,
In the dead pause of the deep midnight,
When the faggots dying be,
And nought but embers red
Throw round a dubious gleam,
Like the indistinct forthshadowings
Of a sad and unquiet dream.

Then suddenly to wake from sleep,
To gaze round that dim room
We're sure to feel as one whose pulse
Again beats in the tomb,
Swelling with idle life and strength
Within its stifling gloom.

T was even so that I awoke
(Sure awake I could not be),
Though with the life-likeness of waking truths
Were all things clothed to me.
'T was in terror I awoke
Within that chamber dim ;
The sweat drop burst on my cold brow,
Dull horror numbed each limb.
In agony my temples beat,
Life only throbb'd there ;
And creeping cold, like living things,
Stood up each clammy hair.
It seem'd as if a spell from hell
Were drugg'd deep with the air ;
Yet wherefore should I fear,
To me was all unknown ;
For that chamber was, as heretofore,
Dim, desolate, and lone.

And I heard the angry winter's wind
Still shrilly whistling by ;
I heard it stir the leafless trees,
And heard their faint reply.
While the ticking clock, right audibly,
Did note time's passing sigh,
And, like some dusky banner broad,
Loud flapping in the breeze,
The faded arras on the walls
Sung its own exiquies.

Then, then, methought I heard a foot,
It sounded soft and still ;
And slowly then it died away,
Like echo on the hill,
Or like the far faint murmuring
Of a lone hermit rill.
Again that footstep sounded near,
Again it died away ;
And then I heard it gliding past
The couch on which I lay !
I raised my head, and wildly gazed
Into the glimmering gloom ;
But nothing save the embers red,

That on the spacious hearth were spread,
I saw within that room.
And all was dusky round,
Save where those embers shed
A pale and sickly gleam of light
On the Lady Margaret's bed.
On the couch where I did lye
That sickly light did shine.
With one bright flash, when, as a voice
Did cry — "**Revenge is mine !**"
Another answered straight,
And said, "**The hour is come !**"
I listened — but these voices twain
For evermore were dumb.
But again the still soft foot
Came creeping stealthy on ;
And then, Oh God ! mine ear upcaught
A deep and stifled groan.
It echoed through the lofty room
So loud, so clear, and shrill,
Methinks even to my dying-day
I'll hear that echo still.
Again that deep and smothered groan —
That rattle in the throat —

That awful sob of struggling life —
On my strained ear-strings smote.
In desperate fear I madly strove
To start from that witch'd bed,
But on my breast there seem'd up-piled
A mountain weight of lead.
And when I strove to speak aloud,
To dissipate that spell,
I shuddered at the shapeless sounds
That from mine own lips fell.
'T was then, full filled with fear, I shut
Mine eyes t' escape the gaze
Of that dim chamber's arras'd walls,
With their tales of other days,
Lest ghastly shapes should start from them
To sport in horrid glee
Before my tortured sight — dark scenes
Of their life's tragedy,
And like exulting fiends proclaim
How black man's heart can be.

But visionless scant space I lay
With throbbing downshut lid,
When o'er my brow and cheek, dear Lord!
A clammy coldness slid.

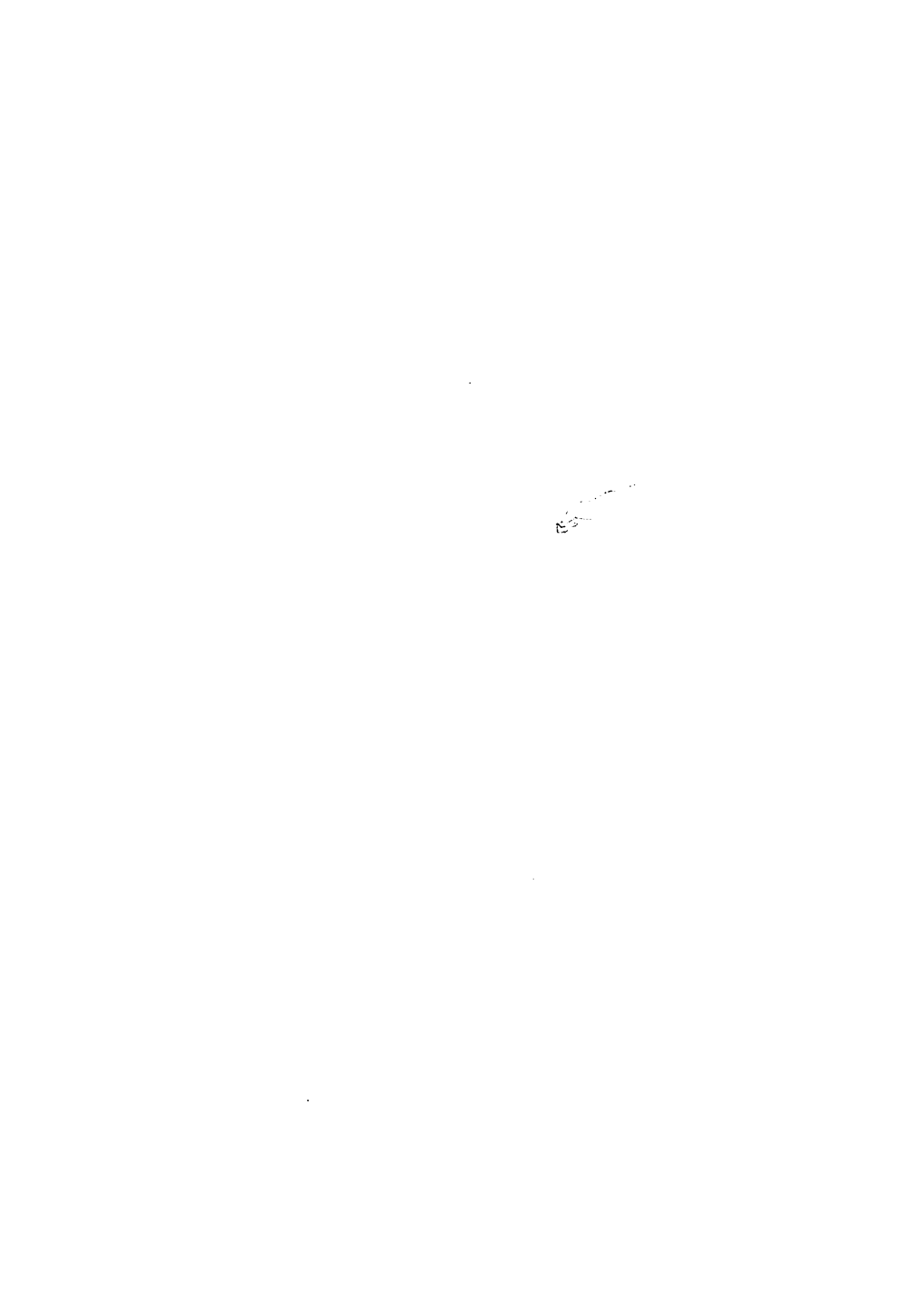
O'er brow and cheek I felt it slide ;
And, like a frozen rill,
The blood waxed thick within my veins,
Grew pulseless, and stood still.
O'er brow and cheek I felt it slide,
So clammy and so cold,
Like the touch of one whose lifeless limbs
In winding-sheet are rolled.
Straight upward did I look, and then
From the thick obscurity —
Oh, horrible ! there downward gleamed
Two glittering eyes on me.
From the ceiling of that lofty room
These glittering eyes did stare ;
They rested on me, under them,
With a fixed and fearful glare.
Oh, never human eyes did flash
So wild and strange a light,
As these twin eyes straight downward poured
On that unhappy night.
Their beams shot down like lances long,
Unutterably bright.
And still these glittering living lights
Did steadfast gaze on me ;

And each fibre of my heart shrunk up
Beneath their sorcery.
Still, still they gleam — their searching glance
Has pierced into my brain.
I feel the stream of fire pass through,
I feel its cureless pain !

One moment seemed to pass, and then
My vision waxed more clear
And livelier to my spell-fraught sight,
These blazing eyes appear.
As with unholy light they lit
A pallid cheek and brow,
And quivered on a lip as cold
And blenched as driven snow.
And I did gaze on that pale brow,
And on that lovesome cheek ;
I watched those cold part-opened lips,
Methought that they would speak ;
But motionless, and void of life
As monumental stone,
Was every feature, save those eyes,
That evermore out shone
With a fearful lustre, that to life
On earth, is never known.

That face was all a deadly white,
Yet beautiful to see ;
And indistinctly floated down
Its body's symmetry,
In ample folds and wimples quaint
Of gorgeous drapery.
And gleaming forth, like spots of snow
On a sad coloured field,
A small white hand on either side
Was partially revealed.
O'er me a deeper horror —
A marvellous rush of light —
Long-perished memories returned
Upon that fearful night.
I heard the sounds of other times,
The tales of other years.
Re-acted were their sharpest crimes ;
Out-poured again their tears.

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